To Hell & Back Again

Norway
1993-2009

My Prison Story

Varg Vikernes

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Part III: My Prison Story

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Foreword

In this part I will talk about the about 15 years I spent in prison in Norway. About 10 of those years were spent on isolation, and the rest amongst other prisoners, in closed or in open prisons. I explain why I was in prison in Part I of this series, "My Black Metal Story".

I did time in Bergen Prison (three times), Oslo Jail, Ila Prison, Ullersmo Prison, Trondheim Jail (three times), Berg Prison and ultimately also in Tromsø Prison.

My intention here is not to glorify or demonize the prison system, or individual prisons, but to simply tell you what it was like and what I experienced there. I make no efforts to present myself in a more favorable light, but simply tell you what happened. I am fully aware of the fact that my own ideals and behavior is the cause of many of the problems I faced there.

Before anything, I can tell you that the concept of punishment in Norway is to deprive you of your freedom by putting you in prison, and not to harm or hurt you during your time in prison. A main official purpose of the prison system is help you avoid ruining your life any more than you or the legal system already did, or have to, and to make the transition from prison to freedom as

smooth as possible. Ideally, you are supposed to educate yourself in prison, and to learn some trade, so that you can do something more useful and positive when you are released, than you did before you came there.

There were only about 3500 prisoners in all of Norway when I was there, and I think about as many people working there, most of them prison guards. The largest prison was Oslo Jail, with 350 prisoners, so compared to e. g. American prisons, Norwegian prisons are tiny. With some few exceptions, all prisoners in Norway are locked up in a cell of their own, and the presence of guards is so heavy that things that might be common in other countries simply do not occur in Norway. E. g. during my time there, I did not even hear about anyone being raped, and all violence was quickly put an end to by the ever-present and numerous guards. You are generally speaking fairly "safe" in a Norwegian prison.

Isolation is commonly used though, and much more than in other countries. This naturally can be a problem in itself, and also caused many prisoners to break so much down that they either killed themselves, sat fire to their cells, or hurt themselves in other ways. You could say that you become the biggest threat to your health and life yourself, by being there. You will not end up gang-

raped, and most of the time not stabbed either, and you are not likely to die from dysentery or some other horrible disease, but yeah, if you do not cope well with isolation, you might well struggle anyhow.

Personally, I am of course glad I did not have to suffer a US prison or something like that, but that is kind of irrelevant here. I spent time in Norwegian prisons, and that is what I will tell you about here. Take this for what it is: my prison story.

Varg Vikernes
(March 2024)

1

The first time I went to prison was in January 1993, after I had given an interview to a Christian journalist, about Black Metal. He called me to have me hear what he intended to put on print, and I was shocked by what he was to write. I told him that his interview was completely twisted and that I did not approve of it at all. He told me he would make changes, call me back to have the changes approved by me, and then he hung up.

After I had hung up the phone, some minutes passed, maybe 5 or 15, I do not remember, and the door bell rang. It was the police. They were there to arrest me.

What a coincidence...

They drove me to the holding cells in downtown Bergen Police Station. When there, I heard rumors that it could take up to a week, or even two, before I would be transferred to a prison.

A holding cell is just an empty cell. No sink. No bed. No carpet. No mattress. No chairs. No windows. Nothing. Just a flat concrete floor, flat concrete walls and locked (and often barred) metal door.

Norway has on multiple occasions been criticized internationally, for using "isolation" way too much, even illegally, and I do not know if this is still a problem in Norway, but back then, in January 1993, it was. And for the duration of my stay in the prison system, it remained a problem.

This time though, I was lucky, and the cops came to pick me up the morning after. They presented to me the interview by the Christian journalist, and asked me if I had talked to this guy. I confirmed that I had.

The next day, I was told later on, the Christian journalist (who had published the twisted interview that I explicitly told him I did *not* approve of, and that he promised to *change*) wrote that the police had told him that I confirmed *the contents* of the interview...

Sigh.

Yeah, we are probably going to see a lot of "sighing" in this book. Because this is how my story is, from beginning to end. Filled to the brim with absurdities like that.

I was 19 years old at the time, had no previous experience with the police, other than being used to running away from them when I drove my modified moped, and was

naive enough to believe that the police was there to protect and serve, and that they wanted to find the truth. Not in my wildest imagination did I believe that they would want to find a reason to convict me, regardless. So I talked to them. I agreed to come with them, from the prison, to the police station, to give them my side of the story.

As I saw it, I would just have to explain to them that the interview with the Christian journalist had just been a stunt, to create PR for Black Metal and a shop in Oslo, as I have explained in Part I (My Black Metal Story). That would be it.

After some days, it became clear that they had other interests. They said things that I knew were not true, to make me confess to a crime I had not done. E. g., they said that I had been filmed watching the Åsane chapel burn. "So I could just as well confess." But I knew that this was not true. I had not been there. The police was straightforward lying to me. When I got a new lawyer, who showed me some of what the MSM was saying, I could also tell that the police was also lying to the MSM. I was shocked. How could the police do that!? And *why* would they!?

When they drove me back to the prison one day, they asked me to "come clean", and I

said, "You know what, the next time we talk I will". As predicted, they told the MSM that "I was about to confess", but the next time, when they came to pick me up, I told them: "I have already come clean. I have told you everything already. I am innocent. And frankly, there is no more point in talking to you. Bye bye."

They were furious. They had told the MSM that they could expect a confession, and instead I stopped talking to them. I went back to my cell, and shortly after the police was allowed into the prison block and into my cell, in an attempt to convince me to talk to them. I knew that they were actually not allowed to go there, but somehow had convince the prison authorities that they should anyhow. Again I said I had nothing more to tell them. They left furious.

When the four week custody expired, I had to argue my case in front of a judge, who were to decide if I should be given 4 more weeks of custody, or if I could walk.

When in custody, you are completely isolated. In all I saw one single other prisoner there, in four weeks, and only because I was walked past the phone one day, on my way to a police interview. You have no access to radio. No TV. No newspaper. No magazines. Nothing.

So I was close to completely oblivious to what was happening outside, in Norway, at the time. The MSM was boiling up one crazy story after the other, interviewing "experts", having the police dig up a protected historical site from the 13th century (!) to find my (made-up) "secret weapons cache", interviewing random people about this or that. It was totally insane! At the same time, the owner of the shop I had tried to promote had been forced by his parents to apologize on behalf of the whole Black Metal scene, for all the discomfort "we" had created, and he closed down the shop. All I at the time got to know about that was what my lawyer said: "The MSM is a bit crazy regarding this."

When I had been arrested, they took all my clothes, so all I had was a track suit given to me by the police, and after a few days in custody (when I was still talking to the police) I was allowed to collect some of my clothes from my apartment.

They had ransacked my place completely, confiscated all sorts of things, and they had also taken almost all of my clothes, for forensics. So when I came there to pick up clothes, I had to find t-shirts from a box of metal t-shirts that I sold (to make a living). As I have already told you, I had given the interview to promote a shop in Oslo. The

entrance door to that shop had a large poster of a band called *Venom*, with the text "Black Metal". By chance, I was selling t-shirts with the exact same image, so I took one of those, knowing I would have to stand in front of a judge in the future – and the Norwegian press corps. For the fun of it, I also took a pair of gloves and a pair of sun glasses, to look more "metal".

Yeah, I was not afraid, nor worried, and was still actually just having... a laugh.

When after four weeks I had to go to court, I wore all of this, to keep promoting the shop (that unbeknown to me had been closed by the owner by then). I kept playing my role.

The MSM was heavily present, and asked me all sorts of questions, and I was very surprised to find out that their focus was "Satanism" instead of Black Metal. They even asked questions about "The Holocaust". As if that had any relevance at all.

The judge ignored all of that though, and allowed me to explain that it had all just been a PR stunt for Black Metal and that shop in Oslo. He (correctly) concluded that there was zero evidence against me, ergo zero reason to keep me in custody, and I was to be released.

That was it. The charges against me remained though. They were never dropped.

The MSM was not just horrified, after all the BS they had spun up in those four weeks: they were shocked and also utterly embarrassed, in front of the entire Norwegian people. All their sensational stories were just made up. All their theories were just speculative nonsense with no roots in reality.

So did they apologize? Did they correct themselves?

Nah. They just kept spewing out more in the same vein.

Interestingly, the Christian journalist who had been the cause of all this was later removed from his post, and delegated to other and much less important tasks in the newspaper. He for some reason was no longer their leading investigative journalist. I do not know if this was because of his massive blunder in this case, or because of his "cooperation" with the police (doing the exact opposite of "protecting" his sources), or anything. We will probably never know for sure.

Before I end this part, I can add that when I was arrested, they also confiscated my roleplaying games, MERP, RoleMaster, D&D,

and other games too, and presented them to the MSM as "Satanic literature" and proof that I was indeed a "Satanist". They even used images of my RPG maps as evidence proving that I was a megalomaniac with plans to take over power in Norway.

It is hard to even believe, in hindsight, how far they went, in their demonization of me, in 1993. The character assassination was total.

I was 19. Had no criminal record. No history of drug or alcohol abuse. Nothing. I just provoked them a bit... and they did *not* appreciate that at all.

And I had never even approved of the interview published, that sat all of this off, to begin with. It was mostly just made up and completely twisted, by a Christian journalist.

2

When I arrived in the modern Bergen Prison, in January 1993, I was stripped naked, and had to open my mouth for them to check if I had hidden anything there. I was registered and sent to a cell at the far end of a long hallway. I had a bed, a desk with a chair, a light, and a shower in a separate little room. The barred windows offered a view to a tall concrete wall.

It was completely silent there. I could hear no other prisoners. Some times I wondered if I was alone there.

They served four meals every day. Breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper. After some time, after every meal, they would come to collect the dirty dishes, and I had to hand them any trash I had too. Once a week, they would hand me a mop and a bucket of hot soap water, and I had to wash the floor in the cell within one hour. I also had to change the bed sheets every week. This was the standard for pretty much all prisons in Norway.

When not taken to the police station (the first week or so when I was there), I spent 24 hours a day in the cell. They offered 1 hour in a yard every day, made up of a small concrete area with 7 meter tall concrete walls surrounding it, but I declined.

After a week or two, I was allowed to have a discman, and some CDs.

That was it. That was my time in custody. Ok, I was isolated, and bored, but apart from that, it was no big deal.

In fact, I was a bit surprised by how unproblematic it was, to stay in prison. So much that, out of boredom, I actually tried to fast, to starve myself, to get a feeling of how prison *should* be like. I lost a lot of weight, and was very thin when I was released.

Yeah. I did not take this very seriously. I was not very afraid or worried. And yeah, I was kind of immature. No f***s given.

They needed more than that to break me, for sure...

3

Before we continue on my actual prison story, I can tell a bit about the period between this time in custody, and my long-term imprisonment from August 1993.

Because of the insane media coverage, both in terms of contents and amount I must add, I had become some sort of celebrity in Norway, and especially in my hometown Bergen.

Wherever I went, I was recognized, and strangely enough, I was rather popular with most people. Or perhaps: most of those who expressed something, where the ones who were positive. For all I know, *everyone else* hated me.

When I faced aggression, and indeed I did that too, I ended up being surrounded by guys who wanted to help me. I did not have to fight a single time myself in this period of my life: others did the fighting on my behalf. For me! And they did that on their own initiative, and without me ever needing to ask for help!

As crazy at it sounds, when I was out, to pubs or discotheques or whatever, I commonly had a group of unknown individuals standing guard! Every time some guy approached me, I would have to signal them – the guards – to

tell them it was okay, or else they would *remove* him. A few times they even took an aggressor outside, and beat him up! I kid you not!

Who were these guards? Ordinary Norwegian guys. Completely ordinary looking. Short hair. Normal clothes. Taller and more muscular, I would argue, but other than that, normal Norwegians.

Why did they do this!?

I do not know. I only even knew one of them a little bit, as the big brother of some guy my brother went to school with. I had never even spoken to him before though. Other than that, they were complete strangers to me. Maybe they just reacted to the extremely unjust treatment I was given by the police and MSM.

There were people hunting for me too though. One time a massive immigrant travelled all the way from Stavanger to Bergen, to "get me", but was stopped by one of my guards, whom he started fighting with. The doormen had eyed him for some time already, so they were quick to stop the fight and the immigrant was then taken outside by them. Another time a 7 feet tall swarthy fellow followed me into a narrow alley, and I only noticed after I had gotten into my car, that

was parked there, and I was driving out. He stood there, disappointed, looking at me as I drove away. He was just a few seconds too late to have a go at me. I smiled and waved "bye bye" to him.

Had it not been for my "guards", I think I would have at best ended up in numerous fist fights though, and would probably have been struggling with several of the opponents. I like to think of myself as a good fighter, but "when many are gathered in one place, not one of them is the strongest of them all". If you fight often, you will lose fights too, every now and then. No matter how strong you think you are.

So regardless of why they did it, I think very fondly of my "guards", and really appreciate what they did. What kindness, risking your own health for someone else! What courage, being willing to fight for someone who obviously is unpopular with many!

I wish I could shake all their hands and give them all a hug! Thank you from the bottom of my heart!

4

What puzzles me today, is that I went to pubs and discotheques to begin with. Why would I do that? Why not just stay home, and avoid all the trouble to begin with?

Well, as immature and insensitive as I might have been, I was hurt by the massive character assassination of me, by the police and the MSM, and I did not want to hide and let them continue their campaign of slander. I wanted to face the beast, and fight it head on, so to speak.

How could I counter their slander, if I did not go out and talk to people?!

So I did.

But like I said, I mostly met people who were positive, and honestly, some of those were even more annoying than those who were negative.

I suddenly had a posse of metal people, literally following me around, when they spotted me in Bergen. This is also the reason why I actually went to a discotheque... to avoid heaving *metal* people follow me around! But – alas! - it failed: they followed me there too! Yeah, the local disco in Bergen suddenly had dozens of metal people hanging out there.

Oh, and whilst the normal Norwegian guys there guarded me, as explained above, the metal people all ran away at the first sign of trouble, and left me to deal with it alone. Thankfully, I was not really alone, but had those ordinary Norwegians there to help me.

In the end, I found an underground house music club, called *Fønix*, where the metal people did not follow me. Apparently, white label underground techno music is a "metal people deterrent".

I could finally breathe again.

Right above the house club, literally on the floor above, there was a rock and roll pub though, so they gathered there instead, waiting for me to surface from below... Yeah, they just sat there, for hours.

Around 6 o´clock in the morning, they would finally all be gone, and I could go home, without having any of them follow me.

Sigh.

Yeah, I should have just stayed home. Hindsight is the most accurate science we have, but I was young, hurt, confused and angry, and I did not know what to do at the time.

Many would have appreciated the attention, especially from the females, but I am sure many others would sympathize with me too, when I say I did not appreciate it. I am not some low-brow metalhead playing music to get laid, or anything like that. And frankly, when young women are so aggressive they literally follow you around, or "drop by" at your place, I at least find it more troubling than anything else.

Low-hanging fruit has never been my thing.

One of them even hit on a guy that she knew was a friend of mine ("the third guy", from "My Black Metal Story"), and then the moment she met me, because of him, she would split up with him, and start hitting on me instead. Why on Earth would I have any interest whatsoever, in a woman who slept with a friend of mine only in order to get to know me?! And yeah, she said herself that this was the only reason she had slept with my friend.

Some women really need to grow some basic self-respect.

Rotten fruit, already fallen to the ground, and riddled with worms, certainly never was my thing either.

5

The conflict with Euronymous, the owner of the shop I had tried to promote with that interview, intensified. And as I have explained in Part I of this story, "My Black Metal Story", I ended up convicted for having murdered him and set fire to four churches/chapels in Norway. I was also convicted for illegal possession of firearms, 125 kg of plastic explosives, and for breaking into some cabins (looking for firearms).

"Naturally", they made up some story for the explosives in court, and to demonize me extra much claimed I had plans to blow up the Nidarosdomen cathedral in Trondheim. In reality, I was collecting firearms and explosives to be able to resist an invasion of Norway, but... who cares about facts, right?

We did talk about blowing up some Antifa building in Oslo though, but this was just talk – and wishful thinking. We *never* talked about blowing up Nirdarosdomen.

When I was arrested, in August 1993, I was sent to Oslo Jail. This was a Philadelphia-style prison, finished in 1851, and the largest in Norway at the time, with some 350 or so prisoners. Personally, I was sent to block B, called "Bayern". This building was originally owned by a brewery, formed in 1872, and the

building was taken over and included in Oslo Jail in 1934. Because I was there for custody, I was isolated and again had no access to TV, radio, newspapers, or magazines. After a couple of weeks there, I was allowed to have a discman and some CDs.

The prison was noisy and rather shabby, but we had a sink in our cells, and a toilet. From the window, I had a view into the backyard and block C, and had the pleasure of looking at the food carts often being stored in the sun, for hours, before the food was served. The food was generally speaking rather bad. The bread was so dry it would fall from the crusts if you were not careful, and they served it by putting it in a plastic bag (the same we used for garbage), that they at best placed on a little shelf, located on the inside of the cell door. They opened a little hatch to gain access. Sometimes they just opened it, threw in the bag, and shut the hatch without saying anything. Every Monday prisoners would get 10 slices of cheese, which I later on found out was intended to last the whole week. So most of the time, we had to eat dry bread, with nothing on it. Dinner was barely edible and sometimes un-edible. They every now and then served us "meat" that was so rubbery and hard that it was literally impossible to cut it into pieces with the blunt cutlery we were given, and in order to eat it had to use our

hands to hold it whilst we tore small bits from it using our teeth. One time they served us "meat balls" that we could not eat at all, but on the good side, they worked well as "rubber balls". If you threw them to the floor, they would bounce back into the ceiling.

When on isolation, I could use the showers on my own, in fact I had to, because I was not allowed to speak to anybody, but when not on isolation, up to four guys showered at the same time.

After four months on isolation, I was allowed into the "general prison population", but...

Actually no. I first had to prove to them that I did not use any drugs, and it took another two weeks before they got a reply from the lab. So I had to spend another two weeks on isolation.

When out of isolation, I was allowed to rent a small black and white TV from the prison. It had no antenna though, so I purchased some marzipan chocolate, from the prison kiosk (that we could order things from once a week), that I knew was wrapped in aluminum, and I used that to "build" an antenna. Once this project was in order, after a couple of weeks, I quickly realized that even in prison, TV is a waste of time, so I handed it back.

Even when on isolation, I was allowed a weekly visit to the prison library, and I borrowed a ton of books, and spent almost all my time time reading.

When out of isolation, I was allowed to go to the prison gym once or twice a week, and also play cards or table tennis with a few other prisoners one hour two times a week. In addition to that, I could go to the prison yard one hour every day, along with all the others in our block.

In this part of the prison *most* of the guys were Norwegians. However, shortly after I was released from isolation, they transferred me to the other side of "Bayern", to a section where 32 out of 36 prisoners were Muslims. They would literally take showers with their clothes on, many of them did not speak Norwegian, or even English, and it felt like I had been sent to another country. The prison guard spoke English to me, when he opened the hatch and handed me my dinner, and when I asked him why, he said: "Ah, nobody here speaks Norwegian anyhow."

Now, I had already been shocked by the amount of immigrants in Oslo, when I had visited, but this was on another level. But if you ask a Leftist about it, they would say: "No, the vast majority of prisoners in Norway

were and are still Norwegians". And they would not be lying, technically, because they had already given most of the non-European immigrants a Norwegian citizenship. So on paper the vast majority were in fact "Norwegians".

But no! A huge percentage, perhaps even a majority, of prisoners in Norway, *even in 1993* (!), were *not* Norwegians, by blood. I know, because I was there, and saw it with my own eyes. And as you will be able to tell from this book, I did time in many different prisons, all over Norway, so I would be in a position to know!

When I had seen how Oslo looked, in 1992, I had returned to Bergen, and started what we called RAMP patrols. This was an acronym, for "Rent Arisk Miljøpoliti" ("Pure Aryan Environment Police") or "Ren Arisk Miljøpatrulje" ("Pure Aryan Environment Patrol"), we never decided which one was the best. We drove around in Bergen, in the weekends, looking for immigrants causing problems, to protect our own. We were armed with baseball bats, and inspired by the shocking immigrant situation in Oslo. Bergen was different back then though, and we ironically never even saw any immigrants at all there, in the streets. I can assure you that the situation is different today, sadly.

Back to Oslo Jail in 1993, I was horrified, and I have never been more depressed in my whole life. Oslo Jail looked more like Baghdad than anything else I had seen. I remember having a nightmare, when I slept in my cell, dreaming that I had been released and returned to Bergen, only to find it just as full of immigrants as Oslo already were. I can already tell you, that this was exactly what happened too, when I was released many years later. Bergen too looked like another country.

When I was driven, by the police, to the courthouse in Oslo, to have my custody prolonged, I spoke to the policemen, who told me that: "63% of all crime in Oslo is carried out by immigrants" (who made up only a small % of the population in 1993). When I asked him why they did not warn people about this, he said that they were not allowed to. They had even been given strict orders not to tell anyone, under threat of losing their jobs and being completely ostracized from society.

In other words, the authorities knew perfectly well that immigration was a huge problem, and they threatened ordinary policemen into not telling anyone about it!

We could go to the yard for one hour every day, but had to pass a metal detector when we

did, because it was not uncommon for the immigrants to stab each other, and twice a week we could play cards or table tennis in a separate room. In my group we were nine, and seven of them were Muslims.

One day, I think for Yule celebration, all the prisoners in our part of the block, from all the sections (floors, in effect) were allowed to a common room, where we were supposed to be entertained, or maybe just eat better and spend some time together. I do not remember exactly. Instead, some African guy started a quarrel with a huge Norwegian, because he was not allowed to sit next to him, on his table (the spot was reserved for his friend). He started screaming "racism", and all the non-Europeans supported him, and decided to leave (return to their cells) in protest. The Norwegians laughed at them and applauded as they walked out of there. We shared all the food intended for them, and had a ball!

The next day, in our table tennis group, the Muslims were still angry and very aggressive and sat talking about how each of them they could kill 12 Norwegians on their own, because they had "Allah" on their side. They explained how they *hated* Norwegians, and when I laughed at their claims defended the huge Norwegian, they naturally became very hostile to me too, and said they would "get

me". They were seven, and the only other Norwegian there laughed nervously when I responded with: "Ok, come one!" They were only seven though, against me alone, or perhaps the two of us, which were probable not good enough odds for them, so they did nothing. They kept threatening me, and I kept saying, "Ok, come on then!" They did nothing.

When the guards came, to escort us back to our cells, the situation had not changed: one of them threatened me again, and I said: "Ok, come on then!" But we were no longer sitting around the table, and I guess he felt he was a bit too close to me by then, so he panicked and tried to flee down the hallway. Unfortunately for him, the two cleaning boys blocked the way, and he had nowhere to run. So he attacked me, throwing a punch. He missed, and I just grabbed him, and wrestled him partly to the ground. The guards quickly came and separated us.

I did not even punch him back. Just wrestled him into a sitting position. Strange, don´t you think?

Yeah, but at the same time, I wanted to get out of there, to be released as soon as possible, and at that point, I was still under the illusion that behaving well would help me be released faster. I was very naive.

The huge Norwegian guy, accused of "racism" the day before, got to hear about how I had spoken up in his defense, and even ended up in a fight to defend him, and although it meant nothing there and then, I would later on be very grateful for that. You see, I would meet him later on, in another prison. I will talk more about that later.

The next day, when I was about to take a shower, a Muslim came in, and started to threaten me and show off his fighting skills, throwing punches and kicks into the air. I was undressing, so I had my pants on my knees, and although I probably should have been a bit worried, I was just too shocked by the fact that some Muslim guy would have the nerve to enter the showers and threaten me in my own homeland. So instead of becoming afraid, or even responding to what he said, I just asked him: "Are you actually threatening me, *in Norway*?" That was just too far out.

Another guy entered the showers by then, and the Muslim, somewhat confused by my response, and apparent lack of fear, and also disturbed by the third guy, just left.

On my way back to the cell, I met a few Norwegians, and asked them what I should do about that. They replied: "Just don´t tell the guards".

The next day the prison authorities transferred me to another table tennis group. Naturally, I ended up in a group with the guy who had threatened me...

But something had changed. Instead of being aggressive and hostile, he was overly friendly and as servile as a slave, and insisted on helping me learn the card game they were playing. I was offered candy and... had I asked him to polish my boots, he would have done it. I am sure.

WTF had happened?

Some years later I found out, but I will tell you about it right away. You see, one of the Norwegians I had talked to, a massive body builder with long red hair and a red beard, who had told me not to tell the guards, had approached him, a Pakistani gang member, and pointed his finger at him and said: "If *you* are a gang, then *we* are a gang", suggesting that the other Norwegians there, all of them massive body builders, would be on my side, if the Muslims ganged up on me.

That sure convinced him... I have never seen a more boot-licking individual in my entire life.

The same Pakistani guy was then beaten to pulp in the yard the next week, by the other Norwegian guy present, when I asked what to

do about it. A tall light blonde guy. I am not sure if this was because of his threats to me though. It probably was not.

The prison authorities then decided to transfer me again, to the other side of "Bayern", and I was all fine with that. Most of the guys there were actually Norwegians. We had an all Norwegian (and Sami) card group, and made sure no non-Europeans would even want to be there. Some dropped by, looked into the room, saw us and then turned around in the door and went back to their cells. The group was made up of mainly bank robbers and people in prison for violence. With the exception of me, everyone there was a body builder. One of them even a former Norwegian champion in body building.

We played table tennis with our shirts off, trying to hit the other one with the ball, ideally leaving red marks on the chest, screamed racist slurs out the window to the group in the floor above us (made up of mostly Muslims), shared crazy stories and generally speaking had – in spite of the situation – a blast.

When not in the gym, lifting weights, or in one of those card groups, or in the yard (one hour a day), I was reading books when there. Not only could I borrow a whole lot from the prison library, but I also had a supporter on

the outside, who lent me vast amounts of books from the war. That is, books that had been published during the war, including authentic SS school books. When he gave them to the prison guards, to have them give the books to me, the prison inspector wanted to talk to me about them. By chance, I wore a t-shirt with a swastika when I showed up in his office. He asked me if I knew what that symbol meant, and when I sort of tried to avoid having to answer, he cut me short and insisted that it was a *Norwegian* symbol. It is from our own heritage, he said, proudly. I already knew, but was surprised to find a prison inspector insisting on it. All I had to do to be allowed to read even SS school books, was to say that I was interested in history. That was a good enough excuse for him, and I could read anything when there. I was even allowed to read SIEGE, by James Mason!

So in spite of the bad food, and insects crawling around on the floor in the night (yeah, I stepped on some of them when I got up to pee in the night), or in any food left in the cell, and in spite of the Muslims and Africans, it was not too bad there. And much better than some places I would go to later on, for sure.

Oslo Jail was strange in many ways, and different from all the other jails or prisons I

went to. It was located in Oslo itself, with a view to the street below, and almost every evening you could hear some Pakistanis scream to their wives or daughters, and then their wives or daughters screamed back at them. Shortly after you would hear some Norwegian guy scream "*Hold kjeft da, jævla svartinger!*" ("Shut the fuck up, damn ni**ers"). This went on for some time, before they all finally became quiet. One time a guy asked the guards to shut the Pakistanis up (the other prisoners were trying to sleep, after all), but the guard said: "It is not 11:00 yet." It was supposed to be quiet after 11:00. The guard than waited outside the door of the screaming Pakistani, and exactly when it was 11:01, he opened the door, and confiscated his TV, and told him he would be sent to the basement if he did not shut up.

Everyone there were fed up with the Muslims and their behavior. Prisoners and guards alike.

We also had a North African working there though, who were not very fond of (Sub-Saharan) Africans. On the Yule eve, the one day in the year when we actually had something tasty for dinner, an African guy – who was on the first floor, right next to the guard room (because he had set fire to his cell, risking the lives of everyone there!) had not been served dinner at all. So he used his

calling system, and asked if he too would not be served dinner. The North African guard ignored his calls for a long time, until it was too late, and he then went over to him, opened his hatch, and asked him what he wanted. "I want dinner", he said. The North African guard then looked demonstratively at his wrist watch and replied: "Dinner was at 15:00. It´s too late now. You should have asked earlier", and then he slammed the hatch shut. That was it. No dinner for him today.

When I had received my 21 year sentence and changed status from "in custody", to "doing time", I was no longer supposed to do time in a Jail (no. Kretsfengsel, for prisoners with less than 1.5 years), but was supposed to be sent to a Prison (no. Landsfengsel, for prisoners with more than 1.5 years). Naturally, I wanted to be in a prison close to my friends and family, so I asked to be transferred to Bergen Prison.

They handcuffed me, put me in a cage in the back of a van, and drove me from Oslo to Bergen. One of the guys from my card group worked in the kitchen, and he had prepared the food for me, and I found a little note inside, with a personal greeting and a "good luck". That is probably the best memory I have from my time in Oslo Jail. Small gestures like that can mean a lot. At least it did to me.

6

Whilst in Oslo Jail, I had maintained contact with all my friends, via letter, and as I have mentioned, I could read anything I wanted to. There was no censorship. When I arrived in Bergen Prison though, I was told that the warden would have to check my mail, before I would be allowed to receive anything. After some days, I was called to his office, and was shocked to meet a human being completely devoid of.... soul, for lack of a better term. His eyes were completely empty, and he did not respond to the things I said to him, nor seemed to listen to my answers to his questions. I was only there to hear what he had to say. He had no interest whatsoever in what I had to say about it.

Now, this might not be too bad in itself, in most contexts, but what he said was completely absurd. He told me that he had decided that he would "help me move away from Satanism and all that stuff". When I responded by saying: "But how can you, when I am not a Satanist?", he just ignored it, and kept talking about how he would help me move away from Satanism. So I was a Satanist, whether I wanted to or not, because he had decided it, and he would "help" me stop being a Satanist. WTF!?

Also, to "help" me with that, he had decided to confiscate all my correspondence. In other words: I would not be able to correspond with anyone whilst there.

When I protested against this, and demanded that they handed me my mail, I was sent to "the bunker". That is, to the isolation block. The cell I got was just like other cells in Bergen Prison, except it had a metal sink, and the window leaked, so every time it rained, the floor turned into a little pond.

After some weeks, the assisting warden, agreed to talk to me about the confiscated correspondence, and I met him in an office. Instead of listening to me, he just said the same as the warden had, and it turned out it was him, the assisting warden, who was behind the whole "help Varg move away from Satanism and stuff" thing to begin with.

He had brought a whole box with letters, that they had confiscated, and he explained to me that they had confiscated them because it was all "Satanic propaganda". A Satanist like me naturally only had Satanic friends. When I pointed out that there was no "Satanic" propaganda in any of the letters they had confiscated, he just changed his story, and said that they had confiscated it as "Satanic *and* Nazi" propaganda (because some of the

letters had runes on them). When I pointed out that they had actually confiscated my court papers, my conviction, written by the judge in Oslo, as "Satanic and Nazi propaganda", as well as all the letters my lawyer had sent me, he admitted that he had actually not yet looked at the letters they had confiscated (as "Satanic and Nazi propaganda..."), so he had not been able to tell....

So he had just "decided" that the letters sent to me were "Satanic and Nazi propaganda". And that was used as an excuse by the prison system to completely and utterly destroy my social network outside.

Yeah. They kept those letters. They might still have them. I never got them. And I could not write my friends to tell them what happened to their letters either, because I no longer had their address, and not least because when I found a few addresses I could write to, the warden or assisting warden confiscated my letters to them as well – as "Nazi propaganda". Probably without even looking at them. They had just "decided" that everything I received or sent was "propaganda", and that they had to "help" me move away from "Satanism".

So there I was. Not a Satanist, but in a prison where the warden and assisting warden had decided that I was one. And had decided that it was their job to make me "move away from" Satanism.

It did not end with that though. They also sent the prison psychologist to me, as part of their "help" to move me away from Satanism. When he arrived, I thought I was going to talk to a sane human being, for a change, but it turned out he was even crazier than the two others. He entered my cell with an intense smile, and said the exact same as the two others had said: he was there to help me "move away from Satanism". Yet again, I tried to explain that they had made a mistake and that I was actually not a Satanist at all. "Nonsense", he said, "I have read in the newspaper that you are, and we are going to help you move away from it."

So I was telling him, face to face, that I was not a Satanist, but he had a better and more reliable source: the newspapers...

I thanked him for his time, and politely declined his offer to "help" me, but the warden had decided otherwise, he said, and he was going to talk to me for one hour the next 21 years, every single week. He smiled like a lunatic and clapped his hands together.

He then sat down, on the only chair there, and started to randomly insult me. I was ugly, stupid, ignorant, weak, pathetic, tasteless, and you name it. And he kept doing that for a long time. I thought to myself: "This guy is a complete lunatic", and I decided to simply ignore him, and sat down on the bed to read a book. I read for some time, and in the background, he kept insulting me, until suddenly, he looked at his wrist watch, and said: "Ah, time it up". He then got up and left, saying "See you next week!"

When he left, the guards were there to lock my door, and I told them: "Next week, if that guy shows up, do not let him in! I have no interest in talking to him!"

After one week, the door opened again, and he stood there, still smiling like a lunatic. The guards looked at me, with an apologetic look, and said that there was nothing they could do: the warden had ordered them to let him into my cell.

Naturally, he picked up where he had left, the last time, by throwing random insults at me. I interrupted him, calmly, and said that I had no interest in talking to him. He enthusiastically replied that *I* did not have to talk *to him*, but *he* intended to talk *to me* – and he would do that one hour every single Wednesday for 21 years!

Ok. Plan B. I called the guards, and asked them to get rid of him. They looked desperate and repeated that they had orders from the warden. So they could do nothing.

In the meanwhile, in the background, even whilst I was talking to the guards, the lunatic psychologist was throwing insults at me!

Ok. Plan C. The guards left (they had been ordered to stand guard just outside the door), and I said to him: "I will count to three. If you have not left my prison cell on the count of three, I will throw you out myself". I counted to one. He responded by saying I would never manage to throw him out anyway. I counted to two. He called me names again. I counted to three, and he turned and started running all he could – I ran after him and managed to kick him in the ass, so that he smashed violently into the cell door, on his way out.

He hid behind the guards and shouted hysterically that I had kicked him!

I was punished for having kicked him, but I really cannot remember for how long or what kind of privilege I lost because of it. I could not care less anyhow.

I never saw him again.

Nor did I ever see too many letters sent to me though, by friends or family, and they even

confiscated books I had in my cell as "Satanic and Nazi propaganda". Even books I had borrowed from the prison library...

Yeah. I am not kidding. There was a Danish guy working in the prison library, and he brought books on a little cart, for us in "the bunker". They confiscated them in my cell as "Satanic and Nazi" propaganda. So I guess they had "Satanic and Nazi" propaganda in the prison library then?

Sigh.

Naturally, in the end my friends gave up on me. They had no idea what was going on, and eventually stopped writing. They never received any replies from me, after all, and probably believed that I had better things to do or simply did not want to write them anymore. I do not know.

So I became rather alone in this world. No friends. No contact with others. Not even books.

Paradoxically though, when in "the bunker", I was for a short while, until the warden found out about it, allowed to have a computer, where I could write a bit. I wrote my first book there, *Vargsmål*, ("Varg´s Speech"), in a few weeks. The warden then found out that I had been allowed to have a computer, and had them confiscate it, and I was left with

nothing again until I got a synthesizer and was able to record an album, *Dauði Baldrs* ("The Death of Baldur") – in one week. Yeah, after about a week or two, the warden found out and had them confiscate that too.

The leadership there obviously had decided to "break" me. But the normal guards, and I think even the sergeants and the inspector, did not seem to be in on their little plan. They behaved pretty normally.

I found out that Bergen Prison was notorious for having a very high suicide rate, compared to other prisons in Norway. Statistically, they had 20 times as many suicides as other prisons, all factors taken into consideration. Other prisoners, that I later talked to, told me they even knew about one guy who had committed suicide right after having been visited by the prison psychologist. I was not surprised to hear this.

One guy hung himself, in the "normal" prison block, the year when I was there. Another one, that I will talk about later, burnt himself to death in the cell shortly after had been transferred to another prison. Suicide was not at all uncommon in Bergen Prison. I doubt that the authorities ever did anything to find out why though. Or even took note of it.

After one year in "the bunker", they decided to send me to another prison.

7

In 1995 I was sent to Ila Prison. Now, in Norwegian the title is a bit more complicated. "Ila Landsfengsel og Sikringsanstalt". That is "Ila Prison and Institution for Safeholding". That is not a direct translation, but it is the closest we get. It was not just a prison, but also an institution for people who had been given "safeholding" instead of prison terms. I guess we can best explain it as a prison *and* an asylum for the criminally insane.

Ila Prison was formerly known as Grini, and was built just before WWII as a prison for women. It was used as a concentration camp by the Germans during WWII, so technically, I ended up in a former concentration camp.

I did not initially end up in the old main building though, but in... "the bunker". That is, a newer building, added to the prison I think in the 60ies or something, for high risk prisoners. Grini had only had barbed fences, but this new building had a seven meter tall stone walls surrounding it – making it look like a bunker from the outside.

Ila Prison was located in the Oslo area, so yet again, I ended up in a prison with many, many Muslims. Most of them were in the more open main building though, along with most of the mental patients, and the more

"common criminals", were stuck in the maximum security "bunker".

The first cell I got was full of garbage everywhere, litter, and a whole cloud of flies, and I spent the first hour picking garbage from the floor, from behind the desk, from under the bed, from behind the sink and from under the sink – where massive amounts of it had been tucked in. I had no idea why there was so much garbage there. But thankfully, the same day I was transferred to another cell, in a block where I could socialize with other prisoners most of the day. This cell was perfectly clean and had the normal inventory: a bed, a desk, a sink, a chair and a shelf. I think also a toilet.

I immediately started to receive letters again, but from strangers. Fan mail, you could call it. My old friends were lost to me by then. I also met some of the guys I had done time with in Oslo Jail, including the body builder who told the Pakistani gang member that: "If *you* are a gang, then *we* are a gang." This is how I got to know about that, btw. He told me what had happened. I also met the huge Norwegian whom I had defended. Everyone were terrified of him, and the mere fact that he talked to me and even told me that he really appreciated that I had stood up for him in Oslo, ensured that nobody would want to

cause any trouble for me. He was not only huge, but also a former Norwegian champion in martial arts. He was also the grandchild of the Norwegian who constructed the Krag-Jørgensen rifle (along with a Dane, btw).

He was also a bit strange, and washed his hands for hours every evening, to great distress for the guy in the cell under his. He had to listen to the water running in the pipes for hours every evening. It was a Pakistani guy, and he was terrified of the huge Norwegian, but he saw that he was friendly to me, so he approached me when we were outside in the yard to ask if I could not tell him to stop washing his hands that much. I said "sure", and went over to talk to him. The huge Norwegian just said: "What!?" and looked around to see if he could spot the Pakistani guy. The latter quickly turned around and hurriedly walked away from us. Ha ha.

He never stopped washing his hands for hours in the evening...

The huge Norwegian wasn´t there all the time though, and not from the beginning, and a lot happened before he showed up.

The Pakistani guy was also rather strange. When some of the guys were talking about

women, he used to say: "Women are no good. Much better with donkeys! You just put a box behind them, get up on the box, and bam bam bam." The first time we laughed, thinking he was joking, but nah. He was deadly serious, and continued: "Donkeys much better." Then he put out his fingers to list up the advantages: "Donkeys do not talk. They shut up. They are free. Bam bam. *Much* better!"

After talking to other Pakistanis, this apparently was common in Pakistan. They were not allowed to masturbate, according to their religion it was a "sin", so when they grew up, and had no access to women, they would fuck other guys, and if they had no other guys, they would fuck animals. Donkeys and goats, mainly. Apparently, some of them actually preferred that too...

Sigh.

Ila was a prison, but like I said, also a kind of asylum, and many of the prisoners were complete lunatics. One of the guys there was a Communist, who had married solely to have children, so that he could sexually abuse them. Another guy was 36 years old, but had spent pretty much all his life since age 19 in prison, because he kept raping women. One time he had climbed a balcony to rape a certain woman, but accidentally climbed the

wrong balcony. But there was a woman living there too, so he just raped her instead. Another guy had called the cops, when he was drunk and arguing with his brother, and when they showed up he opened the door and just shot and killed both of them. Yet another one had killed someone, cut the body into pieces, and buried the different parts in a landfill. When the authorities asked him to cover the costs for the burial of the person he had killed, he sent them a letter telling them that: "I already buried him. You pay for it yourself, you morons. You are the ones who dug him up again!" Ha ha.

The list of "crazy" and/or "disgusting" was long, but thankfully there were some normal people there too, and for some reason, most of them were not in the much better open (old) building, but in the bunker, where I was.

The main problem in Ila Prison was the guards. For some reason, the mentality amongst the guards was horrible. You could argue that it was no wonder, considering how many clinically insane, disgusting and crazy people who did time there, but at the same time, many of us were perfectly normal people – and we too struggled, having to socialize or even just share space with people we honestly more would have wanted to execute on the spot.

The guards could do things like order me to wash my cell. And then when I had done it, they would claim it was not done well enough. So I would have to do it again. But of course, it was still not good enough, and I would have to do it again. And again. And again. Until I had in one day washed my cell seven times.

All communication with them was hostile. If I for example wanted to use the phone, to call home, something we could do for 20 minutes or so every week, they could some times just ignore me. I knocked on their door. They just ignored me, pretending I did not exist. The door had a window, so obviously they could not only hear me, but also see me, but... nah. Just let the prisoner stand there. Ignore him.

Then after 5 minutes or so, they would slowly get up, and ask, aggressively: "What do you want!?"

One time a guy was sent to a Christian center, and returned after only a week, completely crazy. During the day, he ran around claiming he held the Olympic fire in his hand, and when they locked him up in his cell he would shit on the floor and smear the crap all over the walls. Obviously he was sick, but instead of giving him any type of treatment, they locked him up in straps, in the basement.

When he shat all over the place there too, they went to collect the batons, and beat the shit out of him. We saw both the guards with batons, and could hear his screaming and the batons hitting him afterwards.

You had to either work there, in a workshop or go to school. (I went to school, and finished high school there) If you became sick though, they would assume that you just did not want to work or go to school, so they would send you to the "sick ward", a perfectly normal prison block, identical to all others, save that there were no mattresses there and no carpets. They also kept the little hatch open at all time, and had the heating turned off. Now, with minus 20 degrees Celsius outside, commonly, in Wintertime, that was actually rather problematic. So if you were so sick you felt you could not stay at work or in school, you had to sit in a freezing room, with no carpet and no mattress. I guess, it will not surprise you that not a lot of guys reported in sick there...

One time some Muslims caused trouble, harassing a Norwegian guy who had been on a leave from prison, only to have booth his feet broken by hitmen, and one of the normal Norwegians there told them to bugger off. They challenged us to a fight in the yard, "Muslims against Norwegians", and the next

day there were three small Muslims against seven big Norwegians (and me...), and suddenly they did not want to fight after all. "By chance", there were also a ton of guards present.

The prison authorities "solved" this by transferring all the Muslims to one section, and *almost* all the involved Norwegians to another. That is: they transferred all the Muslims to *my* section, and transferred the only guy I talked to there to another. So suddenly it was me against all of them. And all the other normal (as in "not insane"...) Norwegians in another section.

For several weeks, I had to push them around, argue with them, and ended up almost fighting them every single day. Had I showed any sign of weakness, I would have been destroyed.

Yeah, I know: "I had to push them around", sounds a bit strange. You see, these guys only understood two things: violence or the threat of violence. Any type of kindness was interpreted as a sign of weakness, so I had to be an asshole, in relation to them. Instead of letting them pass, if they crossed by path, I would have to push them with my shoulder, or something like that, to show "who is the boss".

This was the moment the huge Norwegian from Oslo Jail showed up. He had been transferred from another prison and ended up in my section. All of a sudden, I no longer had to push them around and behave like an asshole all the time. They suddenly became a lot more humble. He would walk back and forth in the hallway, looking grimly at them when he passed them, as they played cards or something like that, and when he passed my cell door, he looked in at me, smiling, pointed at them, and punched his left hand with his right fist, to show that he wanted to harm them. Ha ha ha. They were terrified!

8

Only one single time did I actually end up in a real fight in Ila Prison. We were playing football in the yard, and an African guy on the losing team started following me and called me names, and said: "Hey White Boy! In Ullersmo Prison we fuck your ass", and so froth. I said: "Yeah, sure", and ignored him, and just kept playing.

Then suddenly he sucker-punched me, from behind, with a hook, and I could feel my jaw breaking. I knew I was in a bad position to fight, and he kept trying to hit me. I blocked his punches, and I quickly took him by the head, and threw him to the ground. And held him there by his neck. At first he kicked and punched and clawed, all he could, with no effect, but I held him firmly, and he quickly lost his wind. I held him by his neck, after all.

The guards came and told me to let go of him. I did. Six male guards wrestled my arm to my back and escorted me to the basement of the bunker. In the meanwhile, the African had regained his breath and screamed that he would kill me and claw my eyes out, whilst a single female guard literally held her arm around his shoulders, gently and with a worried look on her face, and escorted him back to his cell.

The sergeant then wrote a report, claiming I had knocked a hole in his head. In reality, I had just bled from my mouth into his hair, when I held him down.

After some time, they realized that I was actually hurt, and he was not, and I was taken to the medical emergency room in a nearby town. The doctor asked: "Where does it hurt?", but I was handcuffed, with both hands on my back, and could barely talk, so he just had to figure it out himself. He re-directed us to a hospital, where I was operated on.

After only a day or two in the hospital, under guard, I was sent back to the prison, with strict orders for them to give me sedatives. Naturally, when the evening came, and we were to be locked in our cells, I had still not received any sedatives, and my whole head hurt badly – with every heartbeat feeling like a hammer strike to the head. I pushed the button to the calling system, and asked for sedatives, but the guard just told me that it was too late. The nurse has gone home by now. He then turned off my calling system, because he was not interested in hearing me argue, he said. So I could no longer contact them. I asked the guy in the cell next to mine, a Hungarian, if he could call them and tell them that I needed sedatives. He did, but they just repeated that the nurse had already gone home, so there was nothing they could do.

Ok, so there I was. Freshly operated on, and with a pulsing pain, and nothing to do about it. I tried to cope as best I could, and thankfully, when the door finally opened the next morning, after a sleepless night, the nurse was there – furious at the guards. She *had* given them the sedatives, and had also told them, clearly, that they were to give them to me. But the guard did not want to hear me "argue", so he just turned off my calling system. Great. Sadly, this is how things were in Ila Prison. The guards were absolute scum all of them.

After a week or so the sergeant showed up, to inform me that they had decided not to punish me for the incident.

What!? Why would they even contemplate punishing *me* for having been sucker-punched!?

The police then started an investigation, not to find out what happened, of course. They already knew that. Nah. They started interviewing people in the prison, to see if I had said something "racist" to the African, something they could use to justify his assault. They tried to build a case of "racism" against me, because an African had sucker-punched me because he could not cope with the fact that my Soccer team was winning....

When they found nothing of that sort, and when all the witnesses, including several guards, said exactly the same as I had, they just dropped the case.

The African was notorious for violent reactions in the prison system, and had been involved in numerous assaults on other prisoners, and was himself in prison for shooting another African from behind, killing him, but nah. He even said he was going to kill me and claw my eyes out, in front of all the guards. But nah. They had no interest in charging him with anything at all. They just wanted to build a case of "racism" against me.

Sigh.

The MSM naturally threw themselves at this case too, and gloatingly claimed that I had been beaten up by an African. Just what I deserved, in other words. Damn racist!

The African, by the way, was after his release, some years later, killed by friends or family of the (African) guy he had himself killed, in a drive-by-shooting in Oslo.

"Ah, the bliss of multiculturalism!"

I can add that I met a few skinheads in Ila Prison, and they all had stories to tell in a

similar vein. One had been sitting on a bench waiting for the bus to arrive, when an Antifa had showed up, and smashed a bottle over his head, from behind. Bleeding from his head, he had gotten up, and the Antifa guy ran away. And that was it. Ok, but he then later on read in some anti-racist newspaper about how that had been recorded by them as a "hate crime" against Antifa, by "Neo-Nazis".

Pretty much every single "hate crime" recorded by the opposition, was in that nature. Some "nationalist" type had been attacked, and especially if he defended himself, it was recorded as a "hate crime", and proof that the "Neo-Nazis" were violent.

The "Norwegian" authorities at the time even had a campaign called "Crush the Nazis", spreading posters with an image of a "Nazi" being beaten up with a baseball bat by Antifa. So they literally encouraged people to attack "Nazis". And when they did, and especially if they had the nerve to defend themselves, the attacks were recorded as "hate crimes" by "Nazis".

It is truly a wonderful world we live in...

9

One day a skinhead showed up, in our block, and of course, I hung out with him when we were in the yard. The prison authorities though, did not like this, and said that they did not want any "gangs" in prison, so they forcibly transferred me to the old building.

In theory, this was an upgrade for me, but the prison population in the old building was absolutely horrible. Almost everyone was either an immigrant or a mental patient, or indeed both. I would describe it as doing time in something like the mental hospital in "*One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*" (a film from 1975). We had people who just sat there, on a bench, looking emptily into the air, breathing heavily, with saliva running from their mouths, and completely unresponsive. Others would walk around like zombies, with the Bible in their hands, one of them being in prison for the second time for murder. Most of them were heavily medicated, and none of them offered anything in form of intellectual stimuli.

So after some time, I had enough, and simply said, to the guard in the guard room, that I would like to be transferred back to the bunker. Thank you. At least they had some normal people there.

The female guard on duty said she would ask the sergeant about it. I returned to my cell, and waited. After some time I went back to the guard room, and she informed me that I would not be allowed to go back to the bunker.

Ok. Plan B. I then told her that if I was not sent back to the bunker, I would smash something. I knew that if you threatened to smash something, they would have to send you to the bunker.

I returned to my cell, but nothing happened. So I returned to the guard room, only to see her hang up the phone. She had just talked to the sergeant, and he informed her that "Sorry, but that is not enough." I would have to stay in the old building.

Ok. Plan C. I then smashed the door to the guard room, right in front of her, by kicking it a few times, with wood splinters flying in all directions and the Plexiglass falling, smashing into a thousand bits as it hit the concrete floor. And then I calmly put my head in through the broken door window and asked her: "Do you think *that* is enough?" I then walked calmly back to my cell. She just sat there, completely shocked.

After a short while the sergeant came running, with escort, and I was fairly brutally transferred back to the bunker...

However, the next day, the inspector had returned, and he was furious. Not at me, but at the sergeant, who had not followed the instructions. He *should* have transferred me back to the bunker, when I threatened to smash something, and therefore, according to the inspector, had provoked me into actually smashing the door. He even refused to punish me for what I had done. I was right to do that, he said. I had warned them and everything. No problem.

So I was transferred back to the old building again, and was given "the best" job there: cleaning boy for the visiting rooms. The inspector also called me to his office, a few times, to chat. I can only explain this by saying that I think he kind of liked me. He explained that he had transferred me away from the skinhead, because he meant that he was a bad influence. Not because he was a skinhead, the inspector was hardly very politically correct. He had a German WWII belt buckle with "Gott mit uns", himself, and also had a Mauser Kar. 98K at home. He also said, about the skinhead: "Why is he a National Socialist anyhow? That guy would not even have been given the role as an

Untermensch in a film about National Socialism". I had to laugh. He was kind of right. The skinhead was short, clearly brachycephalic ("short skulled"), overweight and not exactly the sharpest knife in the drawer, so to speak. More than anything, I think the inspector was insulted by the idea of that guy being seen by others as a National Socialist... he was just a massive Loser.

And I may add, that the inspector was right. The skinhead turned out to be an informer for the secret police, and later on became an "anti-racist", working for SOS Racism, in Norway.

The Loser was released from prison though, and after only a few weeks, the secret police informed the prison authorities that there were plans by "Nazis" in Norway to break me out of prison, so I was transferred to the bunker anyhow. In fact, they placed me in the basement, where prisoners were completely isolated, and could not even receive visits from their lawyers. The light in the cell was turned on 24/7, and we only had a hole in the ground to shit in. The carpet I had was partly covered in dried blood, and there was dried vomit on the walls. They also took my shoes, claiming: "You could run away, you know, if you were to keep them".

My mother (!) was arrested, for handing over some of my things and money to some "Neo-Nazis", and they kept her in custody for two weeks, accused of plotting to have me broken out from prison, before she was released free of all charges.

From what I know, they never found any real evidence suggesting the "Neo-Nazis" had plans to break me out of prison. Oy gevalt! They were of course just going to help me store my things, whilst I was in prison. :-)

After some days in the basement, I was driven, under armed police escort, to Ullersmo Prison. The sergeants was ecstatic when the cops gave him one of their radios, for communication. He must have felt more important than ever before.

Honestly, I was in deep shit, being accused of trying to plan an escape, but I was just happy they sent me to another prison. Ila Prison was just a horrible place, run by mostly horrible people, and guarded by scum. When the prison doctor was interviewed in a newspaper, some time later, he even said that he too was shocked, by the people working there, and he estimated that at least 50% of them had bigger mental problems than the worst mental patients doing time there. Ha ha ha!

10

They placed me in their high security block, where we were not allowed to keep our own clothes. Instead they handed us some random track suit, and we just had to hope it would fit. I was still not allowed to wear shoes, except when I was allowed to the yard one hour a day. Again, they handed us a pair of shoes, and we just had to hope they would fit us. Some times they did, other times they did not. We walked around there, the ten guys who where there, holding up our too large pants, or barely fitting into too small pants, trying to walk in too small or too large shoes, in what was called "light beams": that is a yard divided by walls into cake-shaped, or light beam shaped, smaller yards – enabling one guard to keep an eye on all of us at the same time.

We could not see each other, but we could talk to each other, until the guard noticed and stopped us. I met an American there, who claimed that if they had been given food as bad as what we were served in Norway, they would have rioted in the USA. Yeah, well. I was not convinced. I also met the Pakistani guy who tried to punch me in Oslo Jail. He claimed I had actually attacked him, and also explained how he had grown up in Oslo, and learned to *hate* Norwegians.

Yeah, more "multicultural bliss".

I later learned that whilst I was there, 93% of all the prisoners in Ullersmo Prison were immigrants. (Most of them probably with Norwegian passports, though.) That was in 1997. I only briefly saw a few prisoners at all when I was there, because I spent all my time there in the high security block, where we were isolated 24 hours a day, in theory even when we were in the yard.

The cell I had was nice enough, but the metal chair and the metal table was screwed to the floor, and there were no curtains. When I sat there in the evening, with the light on, and a female guard walked past outside, I was shocked when she smiled and waved at me. I was used to the guards in Ila Prison, where I had spent the last 1.5 years, so this was quite a shock to me. She did not yell at me, ignore me or shout commands, but just smiled and waved at me. Wow. Yet again I had come to a completely different world... where everything was different. I had met a real human being, for a change.

One day the prison priest came to me, and whilst I politely rejected his offer to "talk", an African guy dropped by. Normally we were all locked up, and only one would be allowed out at a time, but the African had taken a

shower, when the priest came to me, and he was desperate for some social contact, but...

It was the African guy who had sucker-punched me in Ila Prison, and when he saw me he turned immediately and ran out of there, and started screaming for the guards in the hall outside. The priest left, and they locked my door again. The noise kept on outside, and I heard loud voices talking. The African was not happy that I was there.

The next day the sergeant came and told me they intended to send me to another prison. He then suggested a few different ones, and asked me if I had any preferences. I did not really want to go to Bergen Prison again, but my family was there, so I did not tell him that, but I made it perfectly clear that of all the different prisons and jails he mentioned, I did *not* want to be sent to Trondheim Jail.

11

As you probably already expected by now, the next day they sent me to Trondheim Jail. Yet again I was in the back of a prison van, only this time heading for a town where I knew absolutely nobody. And I may add that traditionally people from Bergen and people from Trondheim do not get very well along. We are very different from each other, in almost all ways. People from Bergen are loud and speak a lot. People from Trondheim are silent and rarely speak at all. And if they do, almost nobody understands what they say anyhow, because their dialect is so weird. The music people listen to in Bergen is nothing like the music they listen to in Trondheim, and... It is almost like two different peoples. Even the architecture is completely different in the two different towns.

I can add, that one time a guy from Trondheim moved to Bergen, and apparently the mayor in Trondheim was not too happy about it, or maybe he did not like him very much, so he said, in public, that because the guy had moved "The IQ has now gone up in both Trondheim and in Bergen". Ha ha ha.

When I arrived in Trondheim Jail I quickly realized that yet again I had come to "another planet". Many of the guards had large mustaches, they spoke in low voices and

routinely misunderstood what I said. The jail itself was built to house prisoners with short sentences (less than 1.5 years), the standard was like something you would find in the Oslo area in the 1980ies, and they had just stopped using prison uniforms for the prisoners there. There were very few immigrants there though, relatively speaking. "Only" some 20% or so.

Even though I had been sent to Ullersmo Prison under police escort, and spent all my time there in the high security block, they seemed to completely ignore all of that in Trondheim, and I was sent almost directly to a perfectly normal prison block. I guess the risk of me being helped by "Nazis" to break out had vanished as I crossed the mountains and entered Trondheim Jail. Ok. I did not offer any protests...

I decided to "fit in" for a change and started working in the wood workshop they had there, where we were used as slave labor, doing repetitive and tedious tasks, and where we made wooden jam presses. During lunch breaks, we had to hurry up, and grab some food, because there was never enough for everyone, and the last guys into the dining room did not get to eat at all. We ate the bread they made in the prison kitchen, and you would think that it would be good. Fresh

baked bread, right? But no. After the bread had been baked, they left the bread for several weeks to dry, before they handed it to prisoners, to save money. If the bread was horribly dry, then of course we would eat less of it. Brilliant.

We could spend some petty cash in a kiosk, once a week, but it was just enough for one single pack of tobacco, so the guys who smoked had nothing else to eat. Personally I usually purchased some wheat biscuits, that I could keep in my cell and eat when the food served was too horrible to eat. Frankly, it often was.

In Norwegian prisons, you are not allowed to spend your own money, that you have from the outside. You are only allowed to spend the money you make in the prison. So you have the equivalent of between 2 USD (if you are unemployed/on isolation) and 3 or 4 USD (if you work or go to school), every day, that you can spend every week. It does not change anything if you are a millionaire or if you are filthy poor. Nobody is better off in there, in that context. They all get the same.

...but if you smoke, you are pretty much fucked, because tobacco is filthy expensive there, and that is all you will afford. So yeah, it is not just in any case.

Shortly after I had come there, a few weeks only, one of the sergeants decided that there was something wrong with the clothes I wore. I had army boots and black military trousers, and a black "pilot" jacket, and according to him this was a "Nazi uniform". There were no insignia, no symbols, no patches, nothing on them, but...

So he decided that I, unlike the other prisoners, were not allowed to wear my private clothes, but had to wear "prison clothes" instead. They handed be some prison track suit, and I said: "No thanks, I will keep my own clothes". The sergeant lost his cool completely, and wrestled my arm to my back and handcuffed me, and I was escorted across the yard to the isolation block.

Now, the good thing about the isolation block was that you had your own toilet there, in your cell, and once every week a guy from the local library came with a "book bus", so I was more than happy to stay there instead. In the "normal" blocks, you had a bucket in your cell, that you were intended to use as a toilet after 21:00, when they locked all the prisoners to their cells. Naturally, this bucket was never used, because the stench became unbearable inside the small cell, and instead prisoners would shit in a plastic bag and then simply throw that out the hatch, either to the bushes below or unto the rood above, or (like I did)

hang it on the outside of the window, and then throw it in the garbage the next morning.

Further, I was allowed, to keep my private clothes there, so when my time in isolation was up, and they offered me to return to the normal block, I said no thanks. I was fine where I was. After some weeks, they returned, and offered me to return to the normal block and be allowed to keep my private clothes as well. Nah. I was fine where I was. The librarian did an excellent job finding good books for me, and also went to the library basement, where they kept a lot of unregistered and old books, donated to them by a scholar ages ago, when he died, and brought me books from there. I read books, did push-ups and sit-ups and read more books, and kept doing that for... I think two years. I read almost everything written about prehistory in Norway, about mythology and a lot of other subjects too. Finally, I could do something useful and sensible in prison, and not have to relate to absolute lunatics, immigrants and criminals, all day long, every single day. Or waste my life in a workshop, doing repetitive and tedious tasks all day long.

The first year or so when I was there, we were allowed to use the big yard, used by the guys in the normal prison block, and I could do

pull-ups in a soccer goal there, and lifted a miniature soccer goal to train biceps, but they at one point decided that we were no longer allowed to do that. From then on, they offered us an hour in a "dog beam", as it was called, every day: a 20 by 40 yards area surrounded by walls and fences, where we could get some fresh air and talk with others. But I rarely went there, and for long stretches of time did not even leave my cell – other than to use the phone (20 minutes a week) or take showers every now and then.

It was not very healthy though, to stay there. Several guys lost their minds, and set fire to their cells or just became psychotic, but to me it was no big deal. I enjoyed reading, and had plenty to read, so. It was a lot harder for the guys who could not even read properly, or who for other reasons were not able or interested in reading books, and therefore had very little to do! Yeah, as crazy as it sounds, a lot of guys in prison could not read. They were generally speaking not very resourceful to begin with, and had pretty much all of them been massively failed by society, their own parents and the school system. Most of them were drug-addicts, and the worst was when they had just arrived to the prison, and had to cope with abstinences. Some times I heard grown-ups, men, screaming and crying in pain, in their cells, every single night for up

to a week, in a cell next door or across the hall. They were in so much pain, from suddenly having been cut off from their drugs. And the prison system did nothing to ease their pains. So yeah, to me this was no big deal, compared to what they went through.

One time we had to be evacuated, because a junkie had set fire to his cell, and the door expanded from the heat generated by the fire inside, so they could not get his door open. Another guy and me were the last to be evacuated, and just as we left our cells, they managed to pry his door open with a tool specially designed for that, and the poor guy came out smoking, and reiterated: "*Æ angre, æ angre*" ("I regret it. I regret it"). He was completely confused, and was walking in a random direction, so a guard tried to take him by his arm, to guide him in the right direction, but he was so burnt that the flesh loosened from his arm, the guard´s hand slid down to his elbow. He quickly retracted his arm in shock. The whole block smelled of burnt bacon.

We were all taken outside, and they started to hose him down, but I think they stopped quickly, and then the rest of us were sent to the "dog beam". He was so badly burnt that they flew him in a helicopter to the nearest

hospital, which was in Sweden! So they flew a Norwegian prisoner, still doing time, to a hospital in Sweden. Bergen hospital too had a section where they were experts on burn injuries, but the Swedish one was nearer, and time was of essence, so they took him there.

Ironically, when we were allowed back in, it was dinner time. And they served us beans and bacon.

I later learnt that he had received 3rd degree burns on 90% of his body, and was so messed up that he had to spend several months just learning how to walk again. He originally just wanted some pain killers, but they refused to give it to him in the prison.

He made it though. Barely. Somewhat. But not everyone where that lucky. Right after I was sent from Bergen Prison, to Ila Prison, an Algerian guy, who had taken over my old cell (the one with a leaking window), had sat fire to his cell too. He had spent a full year there, on isolation, knowing neither Norwegian nor English, and in a prison where nobody knew neither Arabic nor French, so he lost his mind in the end. When he demonstratively smashed his furniture, and built an obvious bonfire on the floor, ready to be lit up, the guards just told him (in a language he still did not understand) to "clean up that mess". Then they locked the door again.

He sat fire to his little pile of flammable objects, and the Norwegians in the cells next to his called for help. A guard came running, but instead of doing anything, he just left. It took 45 minutes (!) for the guards to evacuate the two Norwegians.

I later met them, in prison, and they told me it was like being inside an oven, and they survived by going into the showers, and turning it on, and they survived the black smoke by covering their faces with wet towels and clothes. They were both hospitalized. The Algerian guy died alone in his cell.

They did use isolation a lot in the Norwegian prison system, and I think much because Norwegians in general are kind of used to it. They tend not to live in villages, like the Danes do, but in separate homes built far away from everyone else. One home there, then 10 miles further up the valley or fjord, another home. Or maybe they live in a lone house on an island. So we do not see it as that problematic. If you taken e. g. an Algerian guy though, who is used to living in a large family in a large community, always surrounded by others, it will be much more difficult for him to cope with the sudden isolation.

It can still be difficult for Norwegians, and I noticed myself that my experience of time became twisted. Every now and then I went to the "dog beam", to get some air, and met some guys there, talked some shit, and then went back to the cell. One day I saw one of the guys I used to talk to, on the way to the "dog beam", and I had not seen him lately, so I said to him: "Hi, it has been a while since the last time you went to the dog beam." He looked at me with wonder, and said: "I was released a year ago. I came back in today..."

Another time I realized that it was kind of cold in my cell, and when I stretched to close the hatch, and took a look out the window, I noticed that it was actually Winter. I had not noticed the changing of seasons. The last time I had taken a look outside, it was Summer.

Ah, well.

Come to think of it, I am not even sure how long I was there. It must have been at least two years. I think it was two years.

12

The prison authorities were not sure what to do with me, and I guess they must had read somewhere – probably from my papers from Oslo Jail – that I wanted to do time in Bergen Prison, so after some time, I think two years, they decided to send me to Bergen Prison.

Naturally, they never bothered to ask me if I (still) wanted to go there, but... that is how it works.

So my book-reading came to an end. I packed my things and was escorted to Bergen Prison in 1999. When there, I immediately sent a complaint to the prison system, for sending me to Bergen Prison. I had no interest in being there, and I was tired of being moved around, being sent from prison to prison, here and there, almost all the time.

When I arrived in Bergen, I was sent to a normal prison block, in a section with 5 other prisoners. The standard was high, the tone friendly and we had access to a gym, and a running course as well as an indoor football/handball course. We played football as well as volley ball, and we played cards and different board games in the common space. They even had a pool table. Most of the guys were Norwegians, from Bergen most of them, and the contrast to the slow-talking and

quiet guys from Trondheim was very noticeable. The comments by the loud-mouthed guys from Bergen were quick, witty and clever, and the guys from the Oslo area were not far behind. I never even saw the assistant warden, the warden or their lunatic psychologist. My family could finally visit me too, without having to travel far and wide, across Norway.

I can mention, that I met a guy I knew from appearance only, from my own part of town, who told me that when I had been arrested, the newspapers had said that I had driven a Golf VW to the "crime scene", so in order to help me out, he had started driving around looking for Golf VWs, and when he found one he set it on fire, to destroy all evidence. He burnt down five cars, because of this. Ha ha.

Ok, that was crazy, and meaningless, because they had already taken my car for forensics, but... imagine being willing to go to such an extreme for someone you only know from appearance, because you live in the same area (and I think his big brother went to school with my big brother too, or something like that). I at least was touched by this, and for sure he will forever have a special place in my heart, because of that. Thank you Ray!

Yeah, never mind the poor car owners...

Generally speaking, it was a nice change to finally be in a prison with people you could easily connect to. Most of the guys there came from Bergen, I knew some of them already, from the outside, we all had common acquaintances or friends, we all grew up in the same town, and to a large degree had the same mindset. I was not sent to some strange place with people had I very little in common with, in a place I did not know or even wanted to know. I was home, after all.

Then after six months in Bergen Prison, I *finally* got a reply to my complaint, from the prison authorities, and they agreed that I had been sent to Bergen Prison against my will, and that it indeed was harmful for me to be sent hither and thither all the time.

So they sent me back to Trondheim Jail...

13

Some more years passed, with me in the isolation block in Trondheim Jail, and whilst there I did what I had done before: train and read. But I also applied for leaves, and had my applications rejected, over and over again. The prison authorities recommended that I would be given leaves, but the central authorities, in Oslo, always said no. Finally, the authorities decided to have me examined by a psychiatrist and a specialist in clinical psychology, to find out if I was a psychopath or not. They wrote to them that "Varg Vikernes believes in Satan", and the psychologist was rather puzzled by this. "Why do they claim that, when it is not true?" She was in fact a bit annoyed with them, for having tried to set her up against me from the start.

After some time, and many conversations, they concluded that I was not a psychopath. That is, they used a more politically correct term for it: they said I did not have any personality disorders. On a scale from 0 to 10, I was a 1, and they explained that 1 with the fact that I was more egocentric than normal people – and quickly also stressed that this was, considering my situation, perfectly normal. After all, if you lock someone up in a prison cell for years, and he has only himself to relate to, he does become a bit more

egocentric than what is normal. You have nobody else there to care about, so. It does not mean that you are inherently egocentric.

The authorities in Oslo then demanded that I talked to a psychologist from the secret police, for him to evaluate the terrorism risk, if they allowed me out on a leave. I talked to him once, and just explained that "No, I do not have any terror plans". Excellent. I mean, had I really planned a terror act, then I would have told him about it, right?

In Norway, it was normal to let prisoners out on leave after 4 years, regardless of the length of their sentence, but they did not let me have that privilege until after about 10 years. For some reason.

Then finally, in 2003, I was allowed out on leave. That is, I could go out on my own for 4 hours, in Trondheim. I kept doing that for some months, and since that went fine, later in 2003 I was transferred to an open prison in Tønsberg, in Eastern Norway.

This too had been used, or maybe even built, by the Germans during WWII as a concentration camp, but was now an open prison. That is, a group of barracks surrounded by a simple barbed wire fence.

I was accepted there under the conditions that I started an agricultural education. They had a farm, as part of the prison, and I started working there. We drove harvesting machines, picked potatoes, drove tractors, chopped firewood, picked onions, slaughtered ducks and sheep, fed the pigs, and so forth. The "education" was rather lacking though. When we were to learn how to maintain the harvesting machine, it just stood there for weeks, because.... they had to find the right tools, or something like that. Yet failed to do even that, in several weeks. We then collected leaves and flowers, to make a herbarium. Yeah. We did things we used to do in elementary school.... The rest of the time we were just bored to death, and the others drank coffee, smoked cigarettes, and told silly jokes to each other or just talked shit. It was a complete waste of time.

Some of the guys doing time there were all fine, but a majority were pedophiles or rapists, who could not do time in a closed prison (where they risked being beaten to pulp by other prisoners). They had been sent directly to an open prison. And the regime around them was extreme: if we as much as looked at one of them the wrong way, they would report us, and we would be sent back to a closed prison – and because of that maybe not be released on probation. So we – the "normal" prisoners – had to walk around

pretending to be perfectly fine with the fact that most of the others there were pedophiles and rapists.

Now, as I have already told you, the leadership in Bergen Prison effectively destroyed my entire social network, so I had no friends left from the outside, and the only people I had come into contact with over the years in prison, in prison itself or via "fan mail", were criminals or "politically incorrect" people.

The problem was that after 1997, I had come to the attention of the Norwegian secret police, and their policy in relation to "extremists" was to visit them in school, and put pressure on their parents and friends, to make everyone around them force them to "give up" on their "Nazi" ideals. If this did not work, they would destroy their lives. That is, they would go to their employers, to have them fired from their jobs; they would go to their banks, to have their accounts shut down; they would go to their land lords, to have them evicted, and so forth.

What this meant in practice, was that when people wrote letters to me, the secret police would take note of them, and do as described above. In one case, with a young woman I was corresponding with, they even went to her home, and swarmed her house with

armed cops – FBI style. They kicked in her door and dragged her out on the street, put handcuffs on her back – and all of this in front of neighbors. Under the excuse that they were "looking for illegal firearms". The problem in that case was that she was not even home when they did that... so they did that to her little teenage sister, who also lived there.

Even some people I corresponded with abroad were visited by the police in their countries. A woman in the USA had FBI on the door, demanding to interview her, regarding her correspondence with me.

This had been going on since 1997, and after some years I naturally just stopped corresponding with people. I had no interest in exposing others to any of that!

By the time I was in that former German concentration camp in Tønsberg, in 2003, I had been without any correspondence for a long time already. I had zero friends. Zero contacts. I was completely alone in this world.

I also realized that there was no future for me in Norway. If they did that to people I corresponded with, then imagine what they would do to me!

So I figured; "Fuck this," and I conspired with some others to get out of there.

14

The problem with all of this, is that I can not really talk about what I planned here, for fear that others might get into trouble because of me, so I will put it simple and not necessarily entirely truthfully.... that is, there is more to this than I can tell here.

I borrowed an old car from one of the "normal" guys in the concentration camp, and simply never came back after a short leave to Oslo. Instead, I went to a cabin in the mountains. I had maps and had been given the directions to it, so it was not too hard to find, but when studying the maps I noticed that if I drove around the whole mountain (which would take I think 45 minutes!), I could park the car on an access from the other side, that was only a few hundred yards away from the cabin. The cabin was the last one on the little forest road leading up into the mountains.

When I met a lone hunter, right outside the cabin, I decided to move the car. He seemed perfectly normal, had a dog and a shotgun, and was hunting for birds, but for all I knew, he had recognized me, and would tell the police about our meeting, once the newspapers started writing about it.

I left most of my things there, and started driving. When I got to the other side, I parked

the car, and started walking back to the cabin. To confuse any followers, and to make sure I was not being followed, I took a large U-shaped detour, and ultimately approached the cabin from the opposite direction. My car was parked to the north-east of the cabin, and I came in from the south.

To my great surprise, I saw a large green SUV parked on the road, some 100 or so yards away from the path leading to the cabin, and 50 yards away from where I was (lying down by then). It had some markings on it, but the strangest thing was: it was parked across the road, about 45 degrees – completely blocking all access. And it was obviously parked that way intentionally. It had been used as a road block!

As I was looking at the markings on the side of the car with my binoculars, I heard the barking of dogs. Not of a little dog like the one that hunter had had. It came from several large dogs, and the sound came from the cabin.

The police later claimed I had a pistol at the time, a Walther PP, and also an M67 hand grenade. Maybe I did, but I am not James Bond. I understood perfectly well that I stood no chance of prevailing there. Even if I had had a pistol, it might be all well and good, but

trying to engage multiple enemies at 150 yards with a little pistol, in the mountains, is just folly.

I have also said before, that I actually saw them, wearing ski masks, and that they were armed with what looked like MP-5 SMGs and G-36 assault rifles...

In any case, I decided to live to fight another day.

So I jogged back to the car, the same way I had come, and realized that I had to cross a 50 yard boggy area, that was be visible from the cabin. I ran across it as fast as I could, and quickly got into the car, put a bullet proof vest over the driver´s seat, and drove off – prepared to hear impacts on the car from behind. I did not know if they had seen me or not. Or indeed heard me, when I started the car.

The problem now was that I had most of my things in the cabin, so I stood no chance to "make it" out there. I had no friends I could go to either. Further, I was not sure if the men by the cabin had followed me or not. So my main objective was simply to get away from *them*.

I mean; why were they there? To arrest me, or actually to "get rid of" me? We had a Jewish

minister of justice in Norway at the time, and I expected nothing good from him or his tools. Had I been set up? Had this been their plan all along: I ran away with the help of some guys (their guys?), and would never be heard from again? How on Earth did they find the cabin that fast?

After some hundred yards, maybe half a mile, I started to drive slowly, knowing perfectly well that it would take a long time for them to drive around the mountain to get to where I was – and if they followed me on foot, I would be pretty much safe already.

The roads were icy, so this was a wise choice. Sadly, right after I had slowed down, I managed to lose control of the car, and smashed into a rock – wrecking the car. I had *just* slowed down, to avoid that, but... nah. Fate wanted it otherwise.

And that changed the whole situation. Now all of a sudden, it was perfectly possible for them to catch up with me on foot after all. Especially with dogs to show them the way. I took some essential things from the car, and started walking. Seconds later, a Volvo came driving down the road, and I stopped it, and told them that I needed the car. It was a family, a teenage girl driving with her two parents, on the way home from their cabin.

They asked "Why?" And according to them I showed them a pistol and said "Because of this." According to me, I showed them a flashlight, pretending it was a pistol. I told them to leave their cell phones. The father said that he had none. I knew he was lying, but I did not care, and I took their car. They would be just fine, he started calling (the police) even before I was out of sight.

My worry was not the police, but to make sure I would not be stopped by the police in a desolate location, with no eye-witnesses present. I had probably already avoided being shot by the cabin, by some special forces team, and I intended not to end up in a similar situation with the police.

In hindsight, you could argue that I could have hitchhiked instead, but they were driving back to whence I had come, and had I not showed them the "pistol" (flashlight), they could have driven on, leaving me alone there – at the mercy of the special forces hunting me. There were no other cars on the road either. Not before I met them, and not after either.

After making sure I was out of the reach of the special forces, I decided to go to Oslo, to the police station there, and simply turn myself in. With no friends, no contacts, and all

my things in the cabin, I saw no other options. Also, technically, I had not done anything very dramatic. Broken in to a cabin and hijacked a car. That was it. Some extra months in prison, tops.

I only had some parts for a G3 battle rifle in the cabin, and some other parts for an MP-5 SMG in the car. I was under the (erroneous) assumption, that having just parts of a weapon would not qualify as being in possession of said weapon, so I expected no serious repercussions for that. Naturally, they never found any pistol or hand grenade either.

Right after I had taken the car, I threw their cell phones out, to avoid being found that way, and used rarely used and narrow mountain roads, to get around Oslo to the north, and then drove back into Oslo from the north. The cabin had been located to the west of Oslo. When I drove through the tunnel from Lillestrøm, I saw a civilian patrol car, and understood that I had been spotted by them. We kept driving towards Oslo on the high way, and I saw uniformed patrol cars blocking the exists on the way, and eventually I reached a road block. Uniformed policemen, armed with revolvers, told me to stop and to show my hands.

By then I was completely unworried, because there were plenty of witnesses there. They asked me to show my hands and to hold them out the window. I explained to one policeman that the car was an automatic and that it was still in "drive", and he just smiled – knowing perfectly well what was going to happen when a female policeman opened the door and started dragging me out. The Volvo started driving, some 10 or 15 feet forwards, and the female cop almost fell over. The car crashed into the patrol car in front of us – bumper to bumper. The male cop laughed and said: "Yeah, it is not the first time that happens." They were completely relaxed. I had made it.

When I later spoke to a childhood friend of mine, who was himself in the special forces at one point, about what had happened, he confirmed that the special forces had exactly a car like the SUV I had seen by the cabin in the mountains. He could even describe the symbol on the side of the car. Not only that, but I also met another former special forces guy in prison, who also confirmed the same, but also added that this was the car used by a special forces unit responsible for doing "domestic missions".

When I was interviewed by the police, about what had happened, I was interviewed by the

policeman in charge of the "SWAT" team in the area, and he swore that they had *not* been there that day. It was *not* the police!

When I went to court, I was convicted for hijacking a car and for breaking into a cabin, and for possession of an illegal military firearm (the G3 battle rifle), even though they had only found parts for it (in the cabin). For some reason, I was not convicted for having parts for an MP5 SMG in the car. I got 1.5 years extra.

The judge wrote that I had probably seen hunters (in ski masks and with automatic weapons....) or "ghosts" by the cabin. Everyone, including the two secret policemen who were present in court, seemed to be happy with that conclusion. I did not object.

15

After I had been arrested again, I was sent to Ringerike Prison, an at the time new and very modern prison. A "hotel prison", as some like to say. The standard was high: it was much like the cells in Bergen Prison, but we also had a water boiler and a refrigerator inside the cell.

They told me I had to work, and showed me to the "workshop", where I was supposed to assemble lamps. It was just another cell with some lamp parts in it. I said: "Forget it. I am not doing anything for you", and I returned to my cell. They then decided that because I refused to work, I would receive no money (to buy cigarettes, coffee, etc.). I answered: "Are you not going to take the TV too?" I was used to that, from the other prisons I had been in. They said: "No, we do not do that anymore." I did not smoke nor drink coffee anyhow, but I did need money to buy shampoo and soap, so I laughed and told them: "Well, good luck to you, when I run out of soap and start reeking." Only two weeks later, they suddenly gave me "day money" (as it was called) anyhow, even before I had run out of soap. What a weak system, I thought to myself. Pathetic.

I unplugged the refrigerator, because I had nothing to put in it, and it made a lot of noise anyhow. I never used the water heater.

I was almost completely isolated in my cell though, and could only exchange a few words every day with the guy doing time next to me, when we once a day were taken out in pairs to pick up our food. After a couple of weeks, we had managed to say hi, and both explained why we were there. That was all we had the time to say though, before he was transferred to somewhere else. We were so isolated there, that the prison authorities according to regulations had to send a nurse to check on us every month. To see if we were still sane.

So once a month, a young nurse would drop by, and ask me if I was still ok. She once told me that my cell always smelled nice, unlike the other cells, and asked me if I did something to achieve this. "I do not smoke", I said, but it was not that, she said. Some others there did not smoke either, and their cells did not smell that nice, she said. So maybe I just smelled nice. Ha ha. I cherish that compliment to this day.

After half a year or so, I said to her that she really did not need to waste her time to check in on me. I was fine. And after that I never saw here again.

The prison authorities sent a guy from the concentration camp I had been to before, and

asked me if I did not want to go back there, but I declined even talking to him – and I really did not want to go back either. Nor did I expect them to let me, for that sake. I was in any case fed up with having to say "good morning" to pedophiles and rapists, and immigrants, and would rather just be where I was. On isolation. My plans had gone wrong, and I really did not know what to do anymore. I needed time to think.

They asked me if I wanted to move to a normal block, with other prisoners, but I turned the offer down.

The months went by, and they moved me to another cell – across the hall, to give me "some change", they said. The only difference was that the new cell had a shower that was even harder to turn on.

Yeah, you might think they have all that, even showers, in each cell in these new prisons, for the comfort of the prisoners? Nah. It is done so because they are easy to clean, and so that they can keep the prisoners more isolated. Nobody no longer has any excuse to ever leave their cells! And the showers are not exactly normal either. You can not regulate the shower head or temperature yourself, and you have to push a little button every 10 seconds, or else the water will stop running.

This is done to avoid having prisoners turn on the hot water and just let it run. When you are there, taking a shower, you end up turning on the water with the side of your butt, and... with the nob being hard to push in, like in my new cell, I was actually bruised on the right side of my butt because of this. Hardly a huge complaint (although a bit absurd), but rather a funny anecdote. Yeah, I spent my entire time there with a bruised butt.

There was no book bus, and no library, but from what I can recall, I did read some books when I was there, and also desperately tried to care about what was on TV. During the night, they some times played house music on TV, on a German channel, and I tried to jump a bit up and down, in my cell, to the music. It felt a bit like I was physically withering away there, so I felt that I had to. To avoid "death from a lack of movement". I was too mentally exhausted to do push-ups and such. I really did whither away, physically.

In the end, I spent a full year there, before they sent me to another prison. They asked me about where I wanted to go, and I said Trondheim Jail, and they sent me there.

So off I went to Trondheim Jail, for the third time.

16

After a year on isolation in Ringerike Prison, I ended up in E3, a normal prison block, in Trondheim Jail. I spent most of my time in the gym, with a half Spanish and half Norwegian body builder, from Eastern Norway. We also cooked food together and hung out with some Polish and Lithuanian criminals. They had many funny things to say about Polish and Lithuanian society, and most of their jokes revolved around Polish Catholic priests, and their greed and hypocrisy. Perhaps strangely, when I was there, I felt that I had more in common with them than I did with my fellow Norwegians, from Trondheim. But on the other side, that was to be expected from a guy from Bergen in Trondheim... besides, most of the Norwegians there were junkies.

There were a lot more immigrants there than the first time I had been there. Many of them were East Europeans, and the Norwegian MSM called them "The Russian Mafia", but none of them were actually Russians. They were Lithuanians and Poles, mainly, and they just spoke Russian to each other. I guess the old Cold War mentality of hating on Russians still dominated the MSM. There were also Albanians, Serbs, an Ukrainian Jew, and for a short time a Belorussian (who had been sent to prison for stealing a pair of boots in a shop in Trondheim). There were also Africans,

Turks and others too.

One Turkish guy once boasted that he had humiliated his former employer in Turkey, by raping his donkey. Naturally, we were rather surprised by this, and it turned out he had been fired from work, and to get back at his former boss, he raped his donkey. Apparently, this was humiliating for the owner of the donkey... and not for the guy who raped the donkey.

Yeah. Trondheim too had become "culturally enriched".

I also met a Somali there, who told me his brother was an engineer. "Wow", I thought to myself. That was impressive! "So where did he get his education?", I asked. He looked a bit puzzled at me and said. "He mounted a heavy machine gun to the back of a Toyota pick-ups. Yeah, but... what about his engineer education? Nah. That was irrelevant. The fact that he managed to mount a HMG on the back of a pick-up apparently made him an "engineer" in Somalia. Excellent.

They say Europe needs more engineers and doctors.... and that we get them via mass-immigration from Asia and Africa. Never mind the fact that you can *buy* papers proving you are an engineer or a doctor in those

places. In Somalia, you do not seem to need even that.

He was in prison, by the way, because he had stabbed another immigrant, an Arab, who had attacked him because he had "looked at his wife". He had warned the African not to look at his wife before, when they crossed paths in Trondheim town, and when the African still looked at her one time when they crossed the street, the Arab attacked him. And he stabbed the Arab.

After a while I was transferred to E4, and spent some time there. It was a more open block, meaning we could participate in activities outside the prison area some times. E. g. every week a few of the guys would go to the cinema, with one guard, or we could go shopping in Trondheim town for a few hours every month, if we needed somethings. The point with this was to acclimatize the prisoners, from prison life, and gradually make them accustomed to normal life outside again – before they were released.

It was of course a complete waste of resources. Most of the Norwegians there were junkies, whose sole goal was to get out asap, so that they could more easily start taking drugs again (because, yeah, they to some degree did that when in prison too), and the others were Afro-Asian criminals or East

Europeans – who were not going to live in Norway afterwards anyhow. They just wanted to get out asap too, and knew that this was the way to achieve that asap.

We had a leftist social officer working there, to "help" the prisoners. Completely useless and utterly naive, and wasting all his time on ungrateful criminals who only saw him as a means to get out faster. I remember one guy, who was 21 years at the time, was interviewed by him, and when asked "What are your plans for life" the kid answered: "I want to play Playstation games." The social officer was of course not at all happy with the answer, and followed up with: "What!? How are you going to make a living then!?", whereupon the kid answered. "Welfare". No fucks given. This was the only time I ever saw him throw/chase someone out of his office. Ha ha ha.

Personally, I trolled the social worker every day, by playing old German marches real loud, right outside his office, on a stereo, whilst cleaning the floor. He could not even get rid of me, because I was the cleaning boy in E4, where his office was...

You might wonder why I was allowed to do that, in a prison, but this was Trondheim. Everything is different there... they still live in

the 80ies, in many ways, and some of the guards there were even openly and actively sympathetic to my political cause. One of them tried to give me advice on how to convince more Norwegians that immigration was bad. Another one made personal calls, on his own initiative, when I received a threatening letter from a Muslim, to find his real name and address. He then handed the info to me, on a note, hoping "my skinhead friends outside" would "deal with it". One guard there even used to greet me, when we saw each other in the hallway, with a "Fascist salute" – right in front of the other guards (who did not seem to have a problem with it...). So yeah, playing old German marches in the prison block was not a problem. I cleaned the floor to "Erika", "Wenn die Soldaten" and "Die Fahne hoch" pretty much every day there.

They were not all like that though, mind you. We also had a former Communist resistance fighter working in the prison school, and he *hated* me. His entire appearance changed when he saw me, he was so incredibly hateful and hostile! I countered this when I met him, on my way to or from school, by e. g. slamming my boots together, Prussian style, and holding the door for him, with a smile on my face. This exaggerated politeness just made him more angry though, but I have to

admit, that this was my intention too. I decided to give him no excuses, to give him no reason to complain about me or my behavior. It was fun, frankly.

When he retired (the last time I had been to Trondheim prison, I think, when I was on the isolation block), the prison arranged a party for him, and invited all the guards and prisoners alike. The Communist then removed me from the list of invitees, as the only one in the whole prison. A female social worker in the prison noticed, and became furious, and personally walked over to the isolation block to get me. When I came, there was only one unoccupied seat, at the table of the inspectors, sergeants and the warden himself, so I ended up sitting with them. The Communist was then ceremoniously given a medal from the Norwegian King (via the prison warden: the King himself was not there...), for his work for Norway. After he had received it, he walked almost directly up to my table and showed me the medal, and said: "You will *never* receive anything like this." Ha ha ha.

I cannot even explain the look on the face of the sergeants, the inspector or the warden, who sat there seeing him do that. They looked rather... surprised and probably did not know what to say.

Yeah, I am pretty sure he was correct. I will *never* receive anything like that from the Christian Freemasonic King of Norway, whose family fled like cowards along with the useless "Social Democrat" (Communist) government when the Germans came in 1940, and who used the British Royal Navy to force civilian Norwegian sailors into service for the Allies, and who blessed the use of the RAF as a means to sink civilian Norwegian vessels along our coast during the war... because those dads and sons naturally were helping the Germans, when they took the rowing boat to fish dinner for the family, right?

Sigh.

17

Back to my third stay in Trondheim Jail. After some time, in E4, there was some sort of protest in Trondheim Prison. I had nothing to do with it, and I do not even remember what it was about, but the prison authorities decided that another guy and I were behind it, so they sent me to Tromsø Prison. Naturally, since I had nothing to do with it, they had zero evidence to suggest that I did, but... in the prison system, there is never any need for evidence for anything. They just do what they want. If they want to accuse you of something, they do it, and since they are the "accuser, jury and judge" all in one, they do not need any evidence to do that. You stand no chance against them as a prisoner. You are completely dependent on their good will. It all depends on whether or not the people in charge like you or not. The rules never even seem to be the same, from prison to prison, or for person to person in the same prison. It is deeply unjust from A to Z. Even where you live when you are convicted might matter a lot more, than what you have done, because the prisons and jails are so different from each other, in all ways, in the different areas, and some are a lot worse than others.

Anyhow, off I went to Tromsø Prison, and... I think I was actually lucky to be sent there. Tromsø lies within the arctic circle, and

people there are generally speaking rather anti-authoritarian. That is; they are anti-Oslo. Anti- the central authorities. If Oslo tells them to do one thing, they will gladly do the exact opposite. They stem mainly from rugged fishermen, and have traditionally lived hard lives, under extreme conditions. We could say they are more savage than others in Norway, and I think they would take that as a compliment.

Yet again, I had come to a completely different world though, that is for sure. And instead of going through the different stages, from the worst to the better to the best prison block, they just placed me in the best block right away. Just like that. (Maybe they did because the central authorities sent me there to punish me...)

We had a nice kitchen, there were few prisoners there, for a change everyone (!) were Norwegians, and half the cells were occupied by female prisoners. Yeah, they had male and female prisoners in the same block, sharing the same kitchen, the same common room, being able to during the day sit together in the same cells... (!?)

If I recall correctly, after some weeks, they were going to renovate the block I was in, so until that was done, we were distributed to the other blocks, and I was lucky enough to

end up in the isolation block. I could still go outside one hour a day, in the yard, with the others, and I did. I could also one hour a week go to the gym, with the others, and I did. But since I was on isolation, I could avoid having anything more to do with them – which was great!

I mean: how interesting do you think it is to hear stories about football, porn, drugs, or fights, year after year? And yeah, that is mainly what you will hear about, in prison. There are normal and intelligent human beings there, but the median and also average IQ is very low there, I can assure you. The average life of a prisoner is just tragic. Most are just sad failures, with no hope for improvement. Pretty much every single Norwegian I met in prison had divorced parents, were failures in school and quite often also grew up in an orphanage. (Adopted kids were also *massively* overrepresented.) Having been sexually abused as a kid was common, often by older kids in the orphanage, and from what I got to know, the females were *all* rape victims. Every single one I met there and talked to. They were all, males and females, *utterly* failed by the system! When they started taking drugs, usually when they were still kids, to cope with their traumas, they were then punished for it, by the same system that had failed them.

You can think of it this way: "We fail you, and then punish you because we failed you..."

Staying in isolation, reading books, was much to be preferred. I also re-kindled my old RPG interest and asked the "leisure time officer" if he could check out if they had any RPG shops in Tromsø, and if so what games they had available there. He came back telling me they only had D&D 3.5, and also told me I had to pay the equivalent of 40 or so USD for each of the 3 books. I had hoped they had MERP there, but they did not, and I spent about 120 USD on D&D instead. I read through the rulebooks and was kind of disappointed. So disappointed, in fact, that this is the moment I decided to start making my own RPG, which ultimately ended up as "Mythic Fantasy Roleplaying Game", or "MYFAROG" for short. With no MERP, and only that horrible version of "D&D" (in name only) available, I pretty much had to make my own, I figured. So if nothing else, I had plenty to keep me occupied there. It was probably the best time I ever had in the prison system: more reading, access to a gym, access to a normal yard with others in it, if I wanted to talk to others, a cell of my own where I was locked up with my books 23 or so hours a day, and busy taking notes to make my own RPG. I was doing something constructive and positive! But would that last? Let us find out...

18

When I was given my 21 year prison term in Norway, the rules said that I was to be released after 12 years. The remaining 9 years, would just be there in case I did the same again. Yeah, not even *other* crime, but *the exact same crime*, again.

But then they changed the rules, many years after I had been convicted, so that from then on those given a 21 year sentence would have to serve 14 years instead. An Iraqi who raped and murdered a young Norwegian woman was, at the same time as I was convicted, also given a 21 year prison term, and he was released after 12 years. Because, making new laws or rules retroactive is of course a violation not only of Norwegian law, but also of international law.

But...

Yeah, the rules *were* made retroactive in my case, so I – unlike others in the same situation – had to serve 14 years instead, before I could be released. And no, that was not done because I had escaped and received another conviction. Others in my situation had been convicted for new and more crime too, but they *were* released according to the rules that had applied when they were convicted, when they were supposed to be.

So instead of being released, I had to serve 2 more years, only because they decided to break both Norwegian and international law, and make some new rules retroactive in *my* case.

When those 14 years had passed, and the authorities in Tromsø prison asked for my release, the central authorities had the nerve to decline, on the grounds that: "They had not yet had the time to rehabilitate me."

Why, 14 years was not enough for you? And why did you not start that after 12 years? Or indeed 10?

The inspector in Tromsø then told me that I had to go to an *open* prison in order to be released, because I needed to be "rehabilitated". What did that mean, I asked her? I had to socialize more with others in prison.

Sigh.

I had isolated myself to *avoid* having to hear about porn, Soccer, drugs and how strong this or that guy was, and how many others he had beaten up, or how many sluts he had screwed, and now I was forced to hear about that almost 24/7 in order to be released at all. I had to stop being constructive and creative,

working on my RPG, in my cell. That was "rehabilitation".

So my final year in prison, was in an open prison, a part of Tromsø Prison, where I was "rehabilitated", by being forced to socialize with mostly morally bankrupt criminal scum, junkies, drug dealers, pedophiles and rapists. I learned entirely new concepts, like the effort of some guys to sleep with two different women in the same day, without taking a shower in between. I mean: what a noble pursuit, right? Or to have one suck their dick after having slept with another, again without having taken a shower. I mean, I had never even imagined such ideas, before my "rehabilitation", and in spite of all my efforts to avoid having to learn about such things, I apparently had to, in order to be released.

Maybe these were things I needed to learn and know, maybe even think, in order to function normally in the modern progressive Norwegian society? So it seems...

Honestly, it would have done a lot better had I simply been left alone, to read books in my cell and to work on my RPG. (Yeah, I still worked on my RPG, but had much less time for it, and had to do that instead of the things I were *supposed* to do.)

After my release, I had to report to the local police station for a year, I think every month or so, if I recall correctly, and I was not allowed to go abroad. There was also some guy from the prison system there, who were to decide whether or not I should *actually* be allowed to be released after a year, or if I should be sent back to prison. Naturally, the guy was an absolute asshole, pardon my French, but I gave him no excuse to send me back, and almost immediately, when I could, without the risk of legal persecution, I left Norway.

I can add that after I had been convicted, to 21 years in prison, I was also, several years later, convicted for the exact same crimes (which in itself is fairly dubious, legally speaking), to also pay compensation to Oslo municipality and an insurance company. I had to pay them 40 million NOK (about 5 million USD), with 12% interest every year. So when I was released, anything and everything I had made or owned would have been confiscated. In effect, I was banned from living in Norway, except in extreme poverty.

You could say "My Survival Story", started when I left the prison, with a plastic bag holding my things, but I think we should start that part only as I leave for France, or perhaps arrive there. We will see.

19

There was a humor program on TV when I was in prison, with an actor pretending to be a junkie, I think named "Jarle". Whenever he talked about someone, he would always end with: "but he is dead now." Sadly, when I think back on my 15 years in prison, I can tell the same about almost all the guys I did time with. They are dead now. The mortality rates for criminals in Norway are very high. They often died right after their release from prison, because they were so eager to get their drugs, and so afraid they would not take a dose large enough to have the desired effect, and after all that time in prison, their bodies were no longer used to taking so much drugs, so they often over-dosed. Many died in prison too, from overdoses or suicides. Some died from organ failures. Others killed themselves in car accidents, were shot or in some cases were forced by others to take an overdose. One of them died alone in his apartment, after he was released, because he for some reason collapsed on the floor and could not get to his diabetes medicine. It took three days for him to die.

And no. Most of them were not very sympathetic guys. One time we had a guy OD (Over-Dose) in prison, and the sergeant brought cake to the guys in our block, thinking they were distressed by the loss of a

comrade. After eating the cake, one of them managed to say: "I hope someone else too dies from an overdose soon, so that we can have more cake." When some guys in Bergen Prison learned that a guy in a "better" prison block had hung himself, instead of talking about why he did that or about him, they started discussing how long it would take for the guards to remove the body and clean up his cell – because they had applied to go there.... and I mean: now obviously there was a vacant cell in the better block!? This was not a tragic death of a comrade, but a chance for one of them to "upgrade"!

I do not look back at my time in that system with much joy. Nor do I miss the guys I did time with, but I sometimes think about them, and their tragic lives. And their often tragic ends. I made it out in one piece myself, and I tried never to look back after I had left, but I have to admit that some things are not that easily cast aside.

All things considered though, I did well. I did not take medicines when there, to sleep or for any other reason, so I did not chemically lobotomize myself. Many others did, I have to say. They ended up like mindless zombies, and massively overweight too. Nor did I end up like a junkie. Not that I ever would either, but statistically speaking, many do. Especially

young guys, like I was when I first ended up there. Nor did I lose my mind and hurt myself, set fire to my cell or kill myself. Nor did I ever return to the prison system, like most people who do time do. I think about 50% of prisoners released in Norway are back in prison within 3 years.

Instead I used the opportunity to stay in shape and to read a massive amounts of books, most of them educational books, something that has been very useful for me in later life. In fact, I have probably read more books than most people would have had the time to read in a lifetime. I spent no time traveling to and from school or work, no time to wash clothes or do the dishes, and very little time socializing with others. I could sit down and read my Norse dictionary, from A to Z, not just once, but twice. I read my entire etymological dictionary too, and learned more from that than from any other book I have read. Without this stay in prison, on isolation mainly, I would not have been able to write the books I wrote during and after my release.

And yeah, I think I had it *easier* than most others there, in spite of some facts that would suggest otherwise. It is easier, after all, to be in prison when you can read, when you enjoy reading, when you have no drug habits, when you are not an alcoholic, when you have no massive childhood traumas haunting you,

and when you are sane and healthy. Even the fact that I had a normal upbringing and was instinctively polite helped me a lot, in relation to prison guards in particular. They were often more positive and helpful in relation to me, because I had at least some basic courtesy, and said "thank you" when they did something for me or handed me something.

Sure, I have faced massive injustice, from the legal system and also from the prison system, but the only way I can "win" in relation to that is to do well in life, to be successful and to look forwards. They did everything they legally, and even illegally, could to break me, to destroy me and my name under the sky – and they failed.

It is true also that I was never an easy case for the prison authorities. I always fell in between two chairs, so to speak. They had no system for people like me. They expected you to be a junkie, and their entire system was built around the idea that people in prison are junkies – or a sex offender. Nor was I a sex-offender, had any mental problems or problems with violence.

Again, I can stress that I am perfectly aware of the fact that many of the problems I faced were because of myself, my own personality, interests and behavior. But I also credit my mental and physical survival in prison to the

same. I did not fit into their system. I *resisted* their "rehabilitation" and because of that did just fine.

Although the system itself was very negative towards me, I also – often *because of that* – faced much good-will both from other prisoners and from guards as well. When I for some time (several years!) was allowed to have a computer in my cell, for studying, several guards looked between the fingers, as we say in Norway, that I managed to get some games smuggled in. One guard even let me borrow some of the games he had himself, on his PC at home. Naturally, I never had internet access, but being able to spend some time playing "Combat Mission", "Deus Ex", "Morrowind" and "Europa Universalis", and other games too, was a nice change to just reading books almost all the time.

In Trondheim, quite often I was allowed to talk more than the 20 minutes allowed, weekly, for the same reason. And if I was not, that was not a problem. I was never any trouble to them, never lied to them, was always in a good mood, did not complain or ask for more and more, like most others did, so to the guards themselves I was a perfect prisoner. I gave them no extra work and no unnecessary discomfort. So of course they "liked" me better than most others, and of course I some times because of that had an

easier time, than others. Especially in Trondheim and I think also in Tromsø.

I entered the prison system knowing perfectly well that I had not done done what I was convicted for. I killed a guy in self-defense, but was convicted for murder. I was there convicted for having set fire to four different churches and chapels, without any real evidence. And yeah, I was guilty of possession of illegal firearms and explosives, and for breaking into some cabins looking for firearms, and later on for possession of military firearms, breaking into a cabin and hijacking a car, but no, I never saw any reason to accept being punished for that. I had my reasons for doing all of that, and good reasons too.

The world and mankind is more complicated than that. Noting is black and white, and there is no objective truth. We are all subjects, individuals, and we look at the world and what takes place in this world from that perspective.

To many I am a villain. To others I am not. That is fine. I do not care. To me I did nothing wrong, and the injustice I faced was to be expected. I will not complain. The adversity I faced might have been unjust and even illegal, but today I am fine with all that. It helped

shape me into what I am today. It helped me grow, learn and become better. It helped me become what I am today.

In order to reach the zenith, you have to walk uphill, after all.

Gelobt sei, was hart macht!

Varg Vikernes
(March 2024)

Other books by Varg Vikernes:
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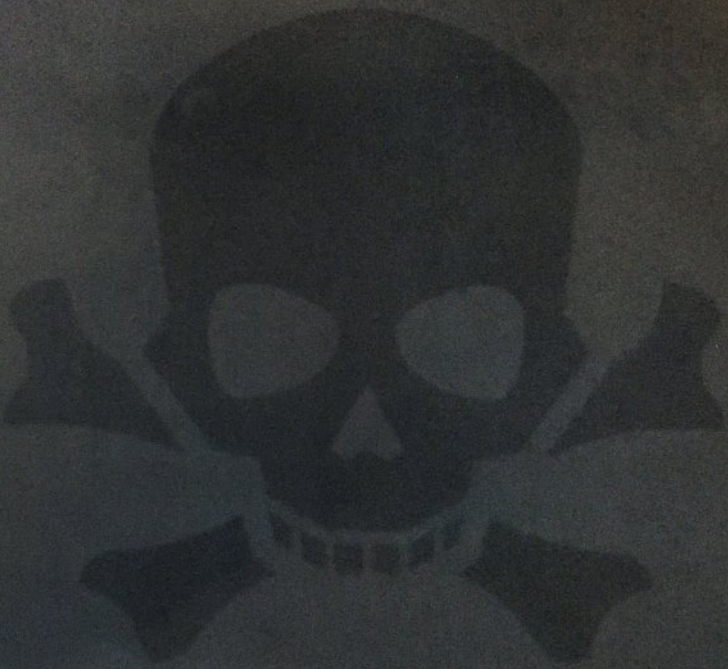

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